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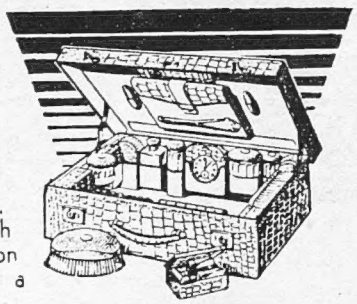

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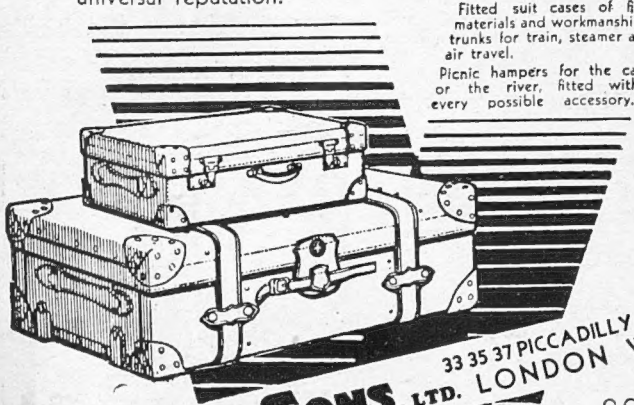

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OCT. 2, 1929

The BYSTANDER

MISS IONE SUTTON-SHORE

A beautiful New York society girl who is engaged to the Marquis de Monteclain a descendant of Charlemagne Her mother was formerly Baroness von Colberg.....

WOLSEY

CARDINAL

The New Line for Miss 1929

EVERY wise woman realises the need of protecting herself from colds and chills which are all too prevalent in our ever-changing climate, and the surest protection is pure wool worn next the skin.

The cult of the slim line has created a demand for light-weight garments, and so Wolsey 'Cardinal' Pure Wool Underwear has been produced to give protection in all weathers, at the same time being suitable for wear under the flimsiest frocks.

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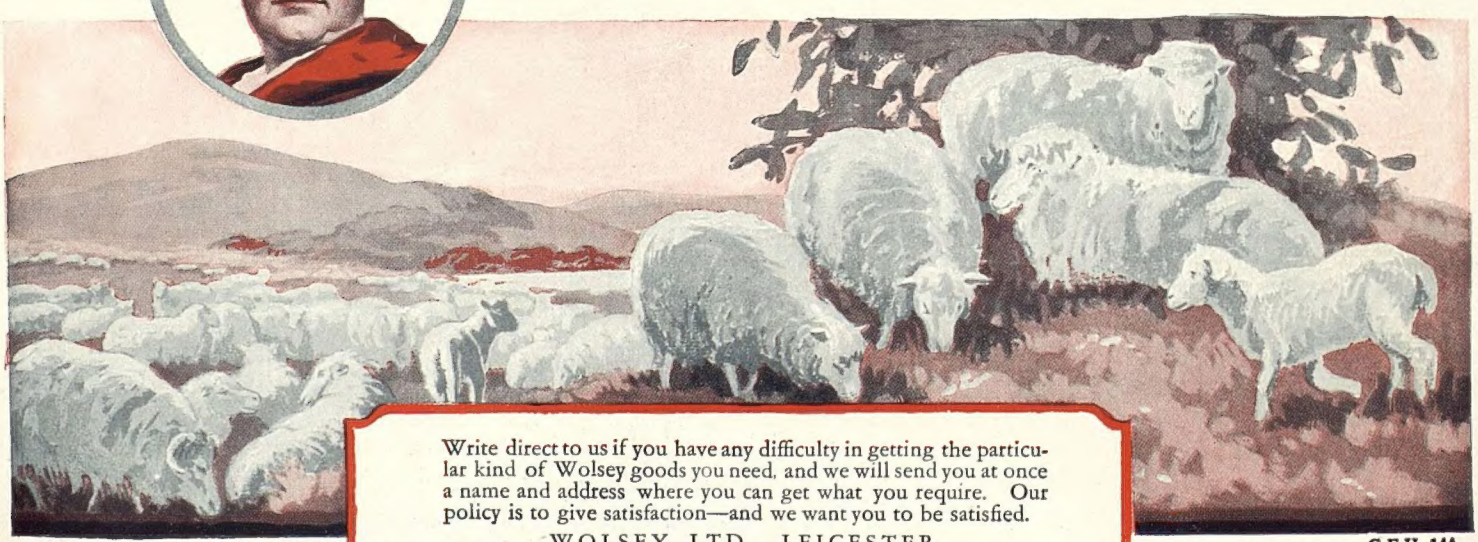

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C.F.H. 144

The Passing Hour

Miss Compton Collier

A charming study of Anthony, Rosemary, and Julian, the three children of Captain Oliver Lyttelton, D.S.O., M.C., and Lady Moira Lyttelton. Their mother is the youngest sister of the Duke of Leeds

The Advent of Hunting

THE telephone rang waking me a good half hour before eight o'clock one morning last week. I protested sleepily, but the boisterous voice at the other end refused to listen to my remonstrations.

"I've been out cubbing! Got up at five o'clock!" Not, it transpired, on horse, but on foot. The ground has been too hard to allow of much riding, too hard even to permit of horses being properly exercised, and consequently the hunting folk abandoned their usual mounts for Shanks's Mare. Scent is naturally affected a little by the drought, and unless the ensuing month brings heavy rains the opening of the season may see a little trouble with the hard going. Up in Scotland, however, where the weather has been behaving according to tradition, the cubbing has been enjoyed under more normal conditions. Hunting has really been dogged by a sequence of unfortunate events in the past two seasons. First foot-and-mouth disease curtailed the activities of many packs, and last season the cold spell completely stopped hunting throughout the country. I can only hope that the forecasts of the meteorological experts for the coming winter are upset, for they predict a return of ice and snow.

A Woman Master and Whipper-in

THE Duke and Duchess of York on their return from Scotland will go almost immediately to Naseby Hall, in Northamptonshire, which they have again taken from Major Renton for the season. In the midst of the Shires, it is particularly convenient for the Duke's hunting, which he divides between the Pytchley, Craven and Whaddon. Lord Rosebery will be hunting the Whaddon for the first time since his succession to the title, and for the more self-assertive members of his hunt it will serve as additional emphasis of his authority, if any is needed, for few packs are managed with a firmer hand. Lady Rosebery and her step-daughter, Lady Helen Primrose, have been out for some of the early morning meets. One of many women nowadays who occupy an official position in a hunt personnel is Lady Rosemary Brudenell-Bruce, Lord Ailesbury's daughter. She is one of the whippers-in for the Tedworth Woodland Hounds, of which Lady Yarrow is Joint-Master.

Photopress

Miss Adams, the youngest Master of Hounds in Great Britain. She hunts Miss Ena Adams' Basset Hounds at Brancaster, Norfolk, and is an expert rider possessing a sound knowledge of hounds

Crowded London Gaiety

THE fullness of London just now is really astonishing. Restaurants and theatres are as packed as ever they were during the days when the Season was at its very zenith. I telephoned every theatre—or so it seems after half a dozen have declared they have not a seat in the house—one morning last week before I was able to secure places, and then only for a certain musical comedy that, after seeing it, plunged me into profound depression that a London public could tolerate such amateurish and graceless foolery. No second-rate

SOCIETY COMES BACK TO BRITAIN

By Helen McKie

THE END OF THE ODYSSEY

The scene after the arrival of the boat train at Victoria now that Society is returning bronzed and braced from the Continent. With hunting in view the return home is by no means a matter for tears

MRS. J. E. LUMB Lenare

Whose marriage to the only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Lumb, of Huddersfield, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, yesterday (October 1). She is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Lovell Hudson

pierrot troupe would have permitted themselves to risk derision with such poor entertainment. To what a sad plight of mediocrity has our musical comedy stage fallen! However, the evening was redeemed by a visit to the Café de Paris, so crowded that its tables encroached on the elliptic floor. The Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton, bearing no evidence of any hardships suffered during her excursion to Russia, was one of a large party, and others there were Lord Ivor Churchill and Colonel Wilfrid Ashley, hardly so frequent a visitor to dance restaurants as the beautiful Mrs. Ashley, and Mr. Georges Metaxa, who perhaps can lay claim to that fugitive distinction of popular acclaim, that of being the matinée—and evening—idol of the moment. He was with his wife, who is also Roumanian and exceedingly pretty. And I enjoin all those who have not heard it to go to a certain resort in Gerrard Street where a Tzigane band has been brought from Budapest for a short season.

An October Bride

One of the first marriages in October is that between Miss Bettine Russell, a niece of Lord Iveagh's, and Mr. Patrick Davison, Sir William Davison's son. It will take place on October 9 at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and no doubt all who were at the wedding of Miss Oonagh Guinness and Mr. Philip Kindersley, whereat Miss Russell was bridesmaid to her cousin, will also attend this wedding. Already the details of her wedding dress, de-

MISS MAISIE GASQUE Lenare

The daughter of Mrs. Clarence Warren Gasque, of Hampstead. Her engagement has been announced to Mr. John Roland Robinson, B.A., LL.B., barrister-at-law, who is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Robinson, of Blackpool

AUTUMN ENGAGEMENTS——CUPID'S BUSY TIME

signed by the popular young dressmaker of the moment, and a man at that, provide an exciting topic of conversation among her friends, if not by her bridesmaids, for Miss Russell will only have child attendants, Lady Brigid Guinness being one of them. The future bridegroom is a barrister, and incidentally a very fine golfer. He won the Bar Golfing Society tournament last year with the admirable score of 75 net. His father is M.P. for South Kensington.

Dunrobin Castle receives its Duchess

HOUSE-PARTIES still continue up in Scotland, where the stalking season has now come to an end, but partridge and pheasant shooting will keep people North until the beginning of November. The Duchess of Sutherland has just gone to Dunrobin Castle, where she entertained a large party of guests for the Sutherland County Ball. Before her arrival the Duke's mother, Lady Millicent Hawes, had been acting as hostess. Also her stay there has been in the nature of a convalescence after her recent operation. For the shooting over the East Lothian moors in the vicinity of his estate at Yester Gifford, Lord Tweeddale has had a large party that included Lady Oxford and Asquith, Lady Ridley, Lady Kathleen Curzon-Herrick, and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Einstein. Lady Oxford and Asquith's son, Mr. Anthony Asquith, I saw at the opening of the Pandemonium group at the Beaux Arts Gallery, indeed, he performed the opening ceremony with a graceful speech, properly embellished with classical references. Not all the haste and rude skirmishing of the film studio have taken away that soft address of style and speech commonly known as the "Oxford manner." But what fortune for the actor and actress associates of this young film director to be under such influence of edifying culture! If only some shadow of it might be imparted to the films!

The First of the Pheasants

ALREADY the guns have been lifted in the butts and over the plough and stubble against the first pheasant of the season, and good pheasants they should prove to be, for shooting folk tell me that the number of young birds reared to maturity is greater this year than for a long time. The absence of sluicing rains and untimely frosts maintained a

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

MARY TOYE
(B. F., by Braishfield—Corrie Invillie).
Owner, Sir F. Eley. Trainer, Pugh.
A staying filly who was well supported when second to Gate Crasher in the Crawley Nursery (seven furlongs) at Gatwick.

THUNDER SQUALL
(Ch. G., by Captivation—Noblesse Oblige).
Owner, Mr. S. Wootton. Trainer, Owner.
A mild gamble was upset when this gelding was beaten by Jonah's Trace in the Charlwood Handicap (five furlongs) at Gatwick. As a two-year-old won five races.

GRANDMASTER
(B. G., by Grand Parade—Verve).
Owner, Lord Glanely. Trainer, Hogg.
Was not well away from the gate when fourth to Chichester Cross in the Chesterfield Welter Handicap (five furlongs) at York. Was joint favourite. An early winner.

SWEET FRAGMENT
(B. F., by Tagrag—Sweet Sip).
Owner, Mr. J. E. Kayton. Trainer, F. S. Butters.
Ran remarkably well to be beaten a neck by Moloney in the Kegworth Nursery (five furlongs) at Leicester. Will go one better in a similar event before the end of the season.

ANOTHER DUCHESS
(B. M., by Duke of Brandon—Another Attempt).
Owner, Maj. W. Beatty. Trainer, Beatty.
Starting price money in volume got back to the ring for this mare when third to Hat Box in the Loughborough Plate (five furlongs) at Leicester. She has not been over-raced, and is distinctly one to follow.

JANE GOW
(Filly, by Spion Kop).
Owner, Mr. F. H. Bowcher. Trainer, Gwilt.
This filly has been out on three occasions. She was well backed when finishing fourth to Cedro in the Midland Nursery (six furlongs) at Leicester. She should be followed.

P. and A.

Flight-Lieutenant Eustace Linton Hope and his fiancée, Miss Evelyn Balfour, in the garden of her Sussex home, at Fernhurst. Miss Balfour is the second daughter of Sir Arthur and Lady Balfour

G.P.O.

Flight-Lieutenant D'Arcy Greig, who flew one of the British Schneider Trophy machines, with Miss Lorna Dean, of Bexhill. Their engagement was announced last week

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES NORTH OF THE TWEED

Ian Smith

The Mackintosh of Mackintosh and his wife, seen second from the right, with Miss Mary Vickers and Mrs. Sholto Vickers, of Tulloch Castle, at the Northern Meeting at Inverness. The Mackintosh is Chief of Clan Chattan and Lord Lieutenant of Inverness-shire

Sport and General

More visitors to the Northern Meeting. The ladies are the Countess of Seafield and Princess Aspasia of Greece, on the right

food supply for the chicks that should mean plump and succulent birds for eating. Over the well-stocked coverts of Lord Pembroke's estate at Salisbury the guns have been taking proper toll of the partridge, and this week the gaily plumed cock-pheasants, that so far have only heard the guns, will be added to the bag. The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, Lord and Lady Hambleden, the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey, and Lady Juliet Duff have all been staying at Wilton House with Lord and Lady Pembroke, whilst participants in the shooting were Lord Pembroke's son, the Hon. Anthony Herbert, his brother, Colonel the Hon. George Herbert, and Major Eric Mackenzie.

Sport and General

Lord and Lady Scone at the Perth Hunt Steeplechases at Scone Palace Park. Lord Scone, who is in the Black Watch, is the heir of the Earl of Mansfield

Ian Smith

Cameron of Locheil with a friend at the Northern Meeting at Inverness. A Colonel on the Special Reserve, he raised and commanded a battalion of Cameron Highlanders in the early days of the War

Entertaining at Six Mile Bottom

SHOOTING has occupied most of the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham Reid at their house and estate at Six Mile Bottom. Lady Louis Mountbatten, Mrs. Cunningham Reid's sister, has been spending the past few weeks there, and she has now been joined by Lord Louis, released from a training course at Portsmouth. Sir Harry Stonor, than whom there are few better shots in the country, spent last week-end there, as did Colonel Wilfrid Ashley, father of Lady Louis and Mrs. Cunningham Reid, Lord and Lady Scarsdale, and Sir Felix and Lady Helen Cassel. Sir Henry Segrave was a recent guest, as were Sir Samuel Hoare and his wife. Six Mile Bottom has the reputation of being one of the finest partridge shoots in Great Britain, and it was here that Sir Ernest Cassel, who left it to his granddaughter, used to entertain King Edward. It covers more than 8,000 acres, and its spacious woods and fields afford a first-class variety of shooting.

A New Theatre-Club in Mayfair

IN this year of Socialist government the impartial observer of contemporary affairs must be stirred to cynical reflection by the increasing number of

A NEW CLUB FOR MAYFAIR

luxurious resorts that have arisen recently to occupy our leisure. New cinemas, new theatres, new restaurants have been added to those already existing; a swimming pool and a new ice rink have been built in Park Lane, and now £100,000 is to be spent upon a new social and theatrical club which will be opened in Bruton Street, and the project is arousing a very great deal of interest. Lord Aberdare, Lord Howe, Mr. John Drinkwater, Mr. Robert Loraine, Mr. Gordon Selfridge, Sir William Crawford, and many others are associated in the scheme to provide a theatre-club to produce new plays, and plays of a type not commercially practicable for the public theatre. In short, it appears to be a more ambitious development of the present Arts Theatre Club, for apart from plays the Club will give series of concerts as well as lectures and exhibitions of painting and sculpture. For such a large expenditure of money it might have been preferable to have evolved a theatre more closely resembling that of the New York Theatre Guild, where the public as well as subscribers may witness performances. The drawback of a club is that it restricts itself to a certain class, whereas in a theatre partly supported by private contributions all sections of the public may avail themselves of it.

Lady Helen Brocklehurst and the Earl and Countess of Airlie at the Perth Hunt Steeplechases. Lady Helen is the Earl of Airlie's younger sister

The top right-hand photograph shows Lord Sempill and his elder daughter, the Hon. Margaret Forbes-Sempill, at the Perth Hunt 'Chases. A Representative Peer for Scotland since 1910, his heir is the famous aviator, Colonel The Master of Sempill

ENGLISH VERBOTEN!

Lord Ashbourne arriving at the Celtic Congress at Glasgow University with his secretary, Miss M. Roberts. Lord Ashbourne is so enthusiastic about the Celtic tongue that he will speak only Erse to his acquaintances

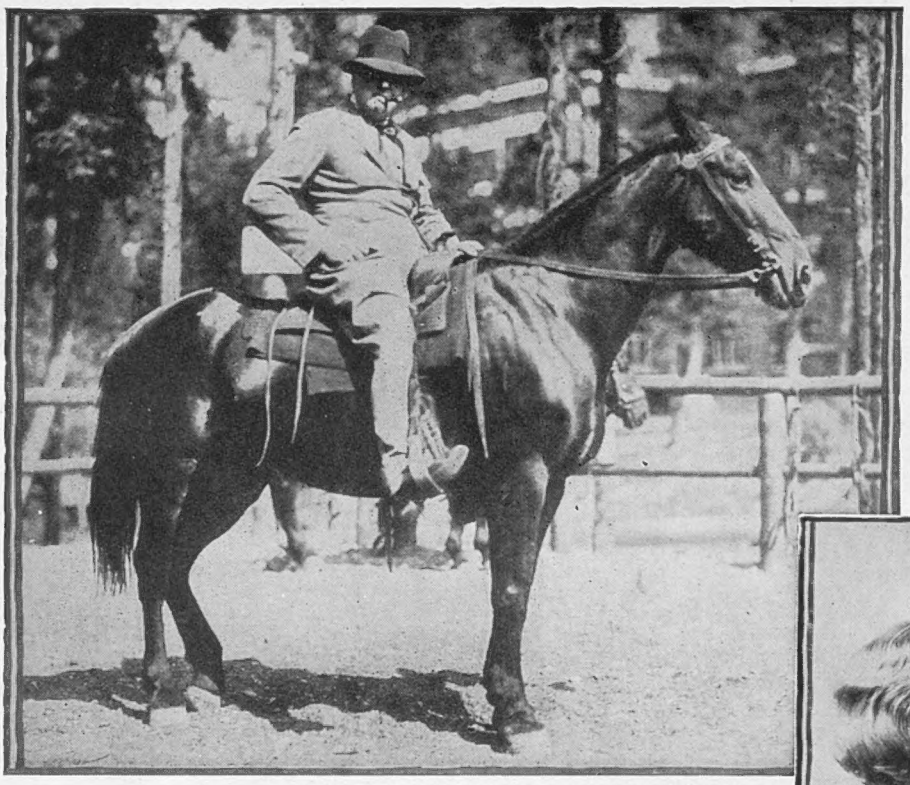
A Question of Titles

THE suggestion that Lady Maud Carnegie's son might receive a courtesy title other than that of "honourable," to which he is entitled as the son of Lord Carnegie, is unlikely to materialise into fact. As the sons of Princess Mary were not distinguished by any other title than that to which they had privilege, it is not probable that any exception will be made in the case of children

Photographs Sport and General

Lord Lovat, with whom is his little daughter, the Hon. Veronica, in conversation with Colonel Macdonald at the Northern Meeting Games. His seat is at Beaufort Castle, Beauly, in Inverness-shire

WINSTON CHURCHILL IN THE SADDLE



HERE IS MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL! *P. and A*

As there have been anxious inquiries of late in the Press and at the Conservative Association as to where the Conservative leaders are, and what—if anything—they are doing, we show above Mr. Winston Churchill looking as full of fight as ever during a morning ride at Calgary in the Rocky Mountains. We cannot, however, say anything of Mr. Baldwin's activities—perhaps he is busy seeking for his lost Conservative principles

born of the King's nieces. They can only assume any title to which their father's position gives them right. In the case of the King's other niece, Lady Patricia Ramsay, there was no title to pass to her son. Had Princess Mary been married before 1917 her children would have been granted by Royal Warrant the title of "Highness," but since that date the style of "Royal Highness" has been restricted to the sons of the Sovereign and the sons' issue. Lady Patricia Ramsay renounced the title of "H.R.H." and "Princess" on her marriage, and the title of "Highness" and "Princess," as the daughter of the Princess Royal, lapsed on the occasion of Lady Maud's marriage to Lord Carnegie.

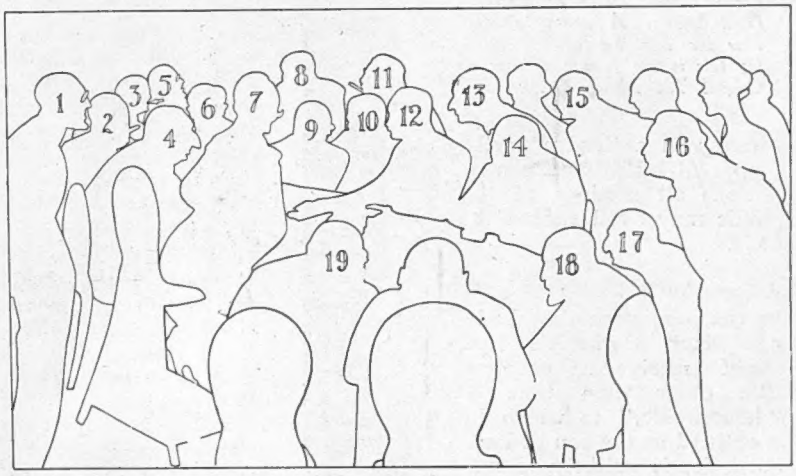
The Legion Book

THE interest which the Prince of Wales shows in ex-Service men abates not one whit with the passing of the years, and the direct result of his latest efforts is seen in "The Legion Book," which has just been published by Cassells at a guinea.

Captain H. Cotton Minchin, the Editor, says in his foreword "that this book is published is due to the personal interest of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, at whose invitation the contributors were pleased to come forward, and when one sees that these include such famous names as John Galsworthy, Hugh Walpole, Rudyard Kipling, Arnold Bennett, P. G. Wodehouse, the late John Sargent, R.A.; Augustus John, R.A.; Jacob Epstein and Professor W. Rothenstein, it will be realised that the Prince's efforts were indeed successful. The Legion Book is not only a wonderfully artistically produced and enjoyable volume, but it affords a very practical means of helping those who helped their country in the hour of her direst need.

Yevonde

Miss Betty French, the daughter of the late Major French and Mrs. French, affords a striking contrast in beauty when compared with a head of Queen Amenhotep of Ancient Egypt. Miss French's engagement to Mr. L. E. Vincent, only son of Sir Percy and Lady Vincent, was recently announced



AN EVENING IN THE CASINO AT DEAUVILLE

The above is a key to the picture by Mundo on pages 30 and 31

1. M. van Eukelos. 2. Mr. James Hennessy. 3. Mr. Mortimer Schiff. 4. M. Henri Cottevieille. 5. Marquesa del Llano. 6. M. Horwitz. 7. The Croupier. 8. M. Georges Durand. 9. M. Andre Citroën. 10. M. Samuel. 11. M. Gubbay. 12. M. Zographos. 13. M. Martinez de Hoz. 14. M. Kahn. 15. M. Alzaga Unzue. 16. M. Andre. 17. M. Rennier. 18. M. Octave Homberg. 19. The Aga Khan.

A Hunting We Will Go

I CANNOT conclude without reminding you that you now have in your hands a BYSTANDER which will prove of real value and interest to everyone who hunts and takes an interest in hunting.

In addition to all the regular weekly features, this number includes a special Hunting Supplement, and the interesting way in which the prospects of the season are discussed by "Bridle" will appeal to all lovers of the Chase, who will also find the BYSTANDER's List of Foxhounds of great value as a reference during the hunting season.

FLYING NOTES

THE PRINCE'S NEW "BUS"

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

F. King and Co.

A Gipsy Moth two-seater in flight. This machine is of the same type as that recently supplied to the Prince of Wales

The Prince and the Moth

THE Prince of Wales has travelled by aeroplane for so long now that it is not surprising he has bought his own machine. That he should have chosen a Moth is a further tribute to our leading light 'plane, which is now in regular use all over the world. The Royal machine carries the colours of the Brigade of Guards' Club, has a cowl of aluminium, and is upholstered in red leather. Dual controls and instruments are fitted so that the Prince can take over whenever he feels inclined. Landing grounds are being cleared near Windsor and at Sandringham, and it is the Prince's intention to use the machine on all possible occasions other than for official visits.

The Golden Gasbags!

IT is not an easy matter to pull the leg of an airship, particularly one capable of retaliating with several million cubic feet of gas, but our super Blimps, R.100 and R.101 are really becoming a bit of a joke. Neither the fine summer weather nor the exploits of the Graf Zeppelin have lured them from their lairs. Their performances will be more than of passing interest, because so much public money has been used to build them, but it seems doubtful now whether we shall see our Golden Gasbags before the spring. Prospective wealthy passengers contemplating a world tour can rest assured that no public flights will take place until next year. Meantime the mysterious rite of gassing the ships continues, and it is rumoured that everything is now satisfactory—in the sheds!

Around the Clubs

SECRETARIES may say hard things about private owners, but the Lancashire Club has reason to be particularly thankful to one of them who has changed his Cirrus Mark II engine for a Hermes, and given his old engine to the club. Air Commodore "Jimmy" Weir, and Lieut. R. Gibson Craig, R.N., have joined the Hampshire Club. The former was one of our earliest private owners, for he was using a Boulton and Paul P.9 soon after the War. The Hon. A. Pleydell Bouverie, and Mr. G. H. Winn, have taken their A Licences at Hamble. Flight-Lieut. Bateman is the new pilot-instructor at Leicester; prospective members can get in touch with him at Desford Aerodrome, or with the Secretary of the Club at the Leicester Chamber of Commerce.

At Home and Abroad

THE results of the first few weeks' work at Hanworth Park have been most satisfactory, the only real difficulty being the shortage of machines owing to late deliveries from the manufacturers. This in turn has been due to an increasing demand for British light 'planes, which seems likely to continue right through the winter. More than 100 of the Hanworth Club's flying members have commenced their course of instruction, and seventeen members went solo in the first fortnight. At the present time ten Moths are in service there, and these will be joined shortly by Bluebirds and Spartans, so that soloists will have a choice of types not usually obtainable at the smaller Members Clubs. Way down East at Singapore, where the local club use Moth seaplanes, nearly 750 hours' flying time has been put in since the commencement of operations; Mr. R. R. Gardner and Mr. J. C. Alexander are amongst recent first soloists.

Flying in the North

IN the first inter-city air race held recently between Liverpool and Manchester the team entered by the former won a trophy presented by Mr. William Cunliffe, and a prize from Sir James Reynolds for the best collective flying total during the race. The distance of seventy miles from Wythenshaw Aerodrome to Hooton Park and back was covered by the winner, Mr. Naylor, on a Gipsy Moth, at 98.35 miles an hour, with Mr. Cantrill, of Manchester, second on a Gipsy-engined Avian. Two Avians with Mark II Cirrus engines completed the victorious Liverpool team, whilst two Avians, one with a Mark III Cirrus, and the other with a Mark II, also flew for Manchester. Ten scholarships for free tuition up to "A" licence standard, carrying with them also membership of the Newcastle Aero Club for one year, have been offered by *The Newcastle Evening World*.

Topical

Mr. S. Buckle (left), the son of an Abingdon builder, with the monoplane he recently finished constructing at a total cost of £17 after three years' work. With him is Mr. J. S. Tanner, who piloted the machine on its inaugural flight

HUNTING ONCE AGAIN! CUBBING

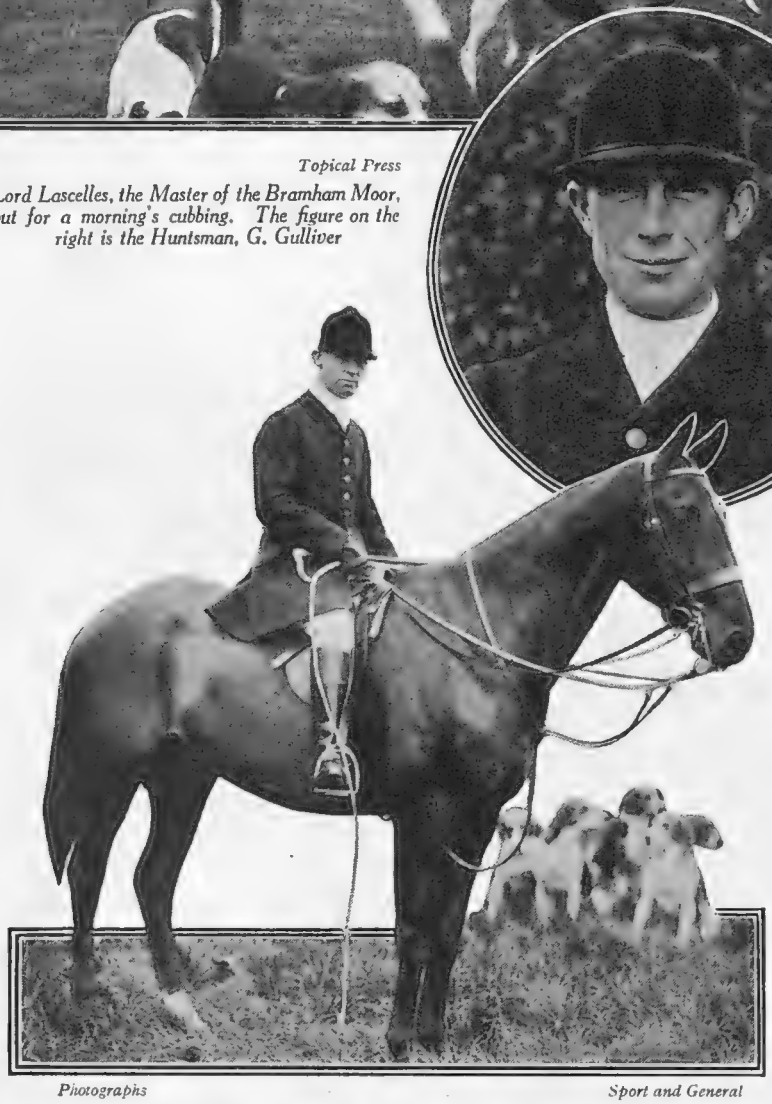
Topical Press

Lord Lascelles, the Master of the Bramham Moor, out for a morning's cubbing. The figure on the right is the Huntsman, G. Gulliver

WE are on the threshold of another hunting season and one which, despite the almost unprecedented drought, promises to be remarkably successful. Cubbing is in full swing once more and, judging by the reports which have already come to hand, there will be no dearth of foxes when November sees the start of hunting proper.

* * *

THE prospects of the coming season are dealt with by "Bridle" in the Hunting Supplement which starts on page 37, and the



Photographs Sport and General

Will Boddington, the Whaddon Chase Huntsman

(Inset) Nimrod Capell, the Huntsman of the Belvoir

Central News

Viscount Petersham, the son of the Earl and Countess of Harrington, with his father's pack

AND SOME FAMOUS HUNTSMEN

reports from important hunts are referred to in detail, and it is illustrated with photographs of many prominent M.F.H.s.

* * *

ALSO included in this number will be found a special supplement in the form of THE BYSTANDER List of Foxhounds, which gives details of the officers, locality, number of hounds and hunting days of the different packs in the British Isles. This will undoubtedly prove of great value and interest to Masters, Hunt Secretaries and hunting folk in general.

Will Bore, the Huntsman of the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's), at a kill

W. Dennis Moss

Earl Bathurst, M.F.H., blooding a young follower after a kill

Photographs *Sport and General*

Tom Newman, the popular Huntsman of the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds, who hunt six days a week round Badminton

(Inset) J. Molyneux, the Huntsman of the Hertfordshire

AT THE PLAY

HISTORICAL DRAMA & MODERN RACING

By VERNON WOODHOUSE

Drawings of "Jew Süss" at the Duke of York's Theatre by H. H. HARRIS

Four characters in "Jew Süss." Studies in expressions of a councillor, a duke, a Jewish maiden and a general

"Jew Süss," at the Duke of York's

THIS adaptation by Ashley Dukes of Feuchtwanger's famous novel is a triumph of the adapter's art, and should satisfy both those who have read the book and those who have not. A difficult feat to accomplish, truly! This eighteenth-century story of an all-powerful Jew who made his presence felt in Würtemburg is planned on the big scale. The canvas is painted with a broad brush, and the colours employed are brilliant in hue. All London will flock to see Matheson Lang as the Jew ride roughshod over obstacles and play upon weaknesses in his lust for power, and there are many who will fully appreciate the cleverness of his calculated effects.

THEY will also not fail to notice the appealing performances of Peggy Ashcroft and Joan Maud, one of whom sacrifices herself to the dissolute duke, played with conviction by Frank Harvey, and the other, the Jew's daughter, who, to escape from the Duke's amorous clutches throws herself over the battlements. This is a play well worth seeing and beautifully written. A colourful picture. Colourful in clothes, décor, and acting, with a very charming ballet thrown in as a further sop to the eye. *Jew Süss* on the stage should rival the popularity of this best seller among novels.

"The Merchant of Venice," at the Little Theatre

THIS production is in the nature of a stunt, as, for the first time so far as I know, the part of Shylock is being played by a woman. Lucille la Verne is the woman in question, and I can truthfully say that no one would take her for one. In manner as in make-up, she is a good deal more masculine than certain namby-pamby actors of her day, but I cannot say that her Shylock—apart from her sex—is an outstanding performance. It is sound—on occasions almost too noisy!—but deficient in light and shade. She is a serious Shylock, making up in vehemence what she lacks in subtlety. But for any woman to play Shylock is something of a tour de force, and I cannot think of any other actress playing the part as well. Neither can I think of any other actress who would desire to do so.

BUT Shylock is but a part—a very fair part—of Shakespeare's very bad play. There is a character called Portia who is equally important.

(*Continued on page 14*)

Karl Alexander, dissolute Duke of Würtemburg (Frank Harvey), makes unmusical overtures to Naemi (Peggy Ashcroft), the Jew's daughter

"JEW SÜSS," at the DUKE of YORK'S THEATRE

BY H. H HARRIS

Süss (Matheson Lang): "*So once more I have had the misfortune to alarm you, mademoiselle. Why do you fear me so much?*"

Magdalen (Joan Maud): "*Because I know that you are a wrong-doer, and because—because you sent for me to come to you!*"

AT THE PLAY (continued from page 12)

HACKETT'S NEW FARCE AND SHAKESPEARE'S OLD PLAY

It is mainly on her shoulders that the second act with its casket scene rests, where a sort of glorified three-card trick, with "find the lady" for its slogan, drags its unnecessary length along.

At the Little Theatre Portia is taken —I cannot say played—by a certain Virginia Pemberton, whose tones betrayed her American extraction. I will not say that she is the worst actress I have ever seen, but she comes very high up in the list. Her acting—if it can be so described—was, however, not the most painful point of her performance. Far, far more painful was her elocution. Virginia Pemberton may have possessed a knowledge of the meaning of the words she spoke, but she knows nothing whatever about the delivery of verse. Shakespeare's lovely lines were not murmured, they were not even murdered—they were minced. "The quality of mercy" might have been better exemplified if this lady had retired from the play before the first performance.

"Sorry You've Been Troubled," at St. Martin's

Described as a comedy, *Sorry You've Been Troubled* is in reality a crook farce, and it is round a hotel telephone exchange where most of the fun lies, and where the lady operator calls up laughter with unfailing regularity. Indeed, the first scene of the first act is one long, loud laugh from start to finish. There follows a scene in a bedroom of the same hotel, where the fun still continues, but it is mixed up with the dirty work of drama, and the curtain falls on the silly ass hero seeing a dead body in the room next to his and determining to discover the culprits.

Up to this point the play is Walter Hackett at his very best, and in the interval I wondered how the dramatist would keep it up through two more acts. Unfortunately, the splendid start reveals too early a spirit. We have more telephone fun and more crookery from now onwards, but the telephone business begins to lose its freshness and the crookery becomes so complicated that a wet towel round the head is to be recommended to those who want to keep in touch with the plot. Also, if one begins mentally to ask why such and such characters do such and such things, the answer is often far to seek. Doubtless every action can be explained and is strictly logical, but in the hurried action I, for one, became completely fogged as to the why and wherefore of things.

It is only fair to add that the conclusion is clear enough when we see that no murder has been committed and that the sudden death of a financier was hushed up in order to make a fortune on the Stock Exchange, but this vital circumstance emerges suddenly like the sun breaking through an autumn morning mist.

Like a good author and a good husband Walter Hackett has written a first-rate part for Marion Lorne, who makes much of the romantic telephone operator. This actress is one of the best comediennes on the stage, and she extracts every ounce of amusement from the part. The silly ass hero is played by Hugh Wakefield, who also has a part made to measure. He has made a speciality of gentlemanly "drunks," and, once again, he has a chance of showing how it's done, only in this case he suffers from being drugged, which appears to have the same effect on him as alcohol. I think a complete change of part would do this actor no harm, for he is getting into something of a groove.

"The Calendar," at Wyndham's

In Edgar Wallace's latest play, *The Calendar*, although there are thrills in plenty, it is the raciness of the dialogue rather than the racing setting which makes for its success, although the scene in the Stewards' Room at Doncaster, with W. Cronin Wilson as the chief of the stewards, made up, either by accident or design, to bear a close resemblance to a famous racing peer, was the best written and the most interesting of all. Gordon Harker as an ex-convict butler scores the biggest success of the evening, and anyone who suffered at the hands of some of the War-time band of batmen will find his little manners—and the lack of them—almost painfully true. Alfred Drayton as a bookie who wears neither a red waistcoat nor a red nose and Cathleen Nesbitt as the hard-hearted villainness both score heavily, as does Owen Nares as the young racing man whose knowledge of gees is so much greater than his knowledge of shes that he is "warned off" the Turf.

V. W.

"JEW SÜSS" AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S
A character study of Lewin Mannering as a Rabbi

GOING STRONG

***Aldwych.*—Farce: "A Cup of Kindness."**
This cheers if it does not inebriate.

***Gaiety.*—Musical Comedy: "Love Lies."**
A Bright and Breezy British Show.

***Haymarket.*—Comedy: "The First Mrs. Fraser."**
First-class acting in a first-class play.

***Hippodrome.*—Musical Comedy: "Mr. Cinders."**
Bobby Howes a pocket genius.

***His Majesty's*—Musical Play: "Bitter Sweet."**
Noel Coward at his very best.

***Royalty.*—Comedy: "The Matriarch."**
Jewish life faithfully pictured.

***Shaftesbury.*—Farce: "The Middle Watch."**
Fun on a Battle Cruiser.

WHY HARROGATE IS UNIQUE

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

A VIEW OF HARROGATE SHOWING

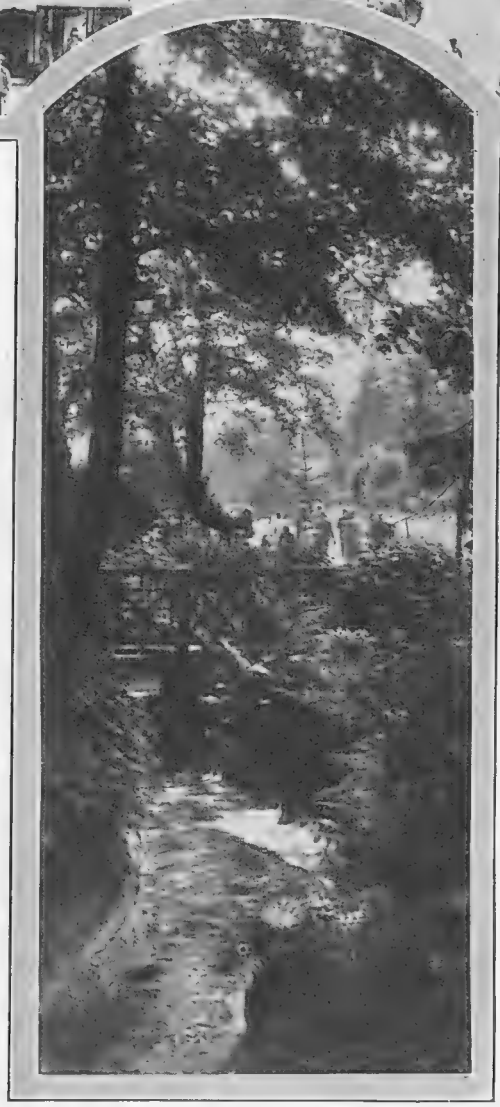
M. Mitchell

PARLIAMENT STREET ON THE RIGHT

THERE is something about Harrogate which gives it a distinction denied to any other watering place in the British Isles. Its hills and valleys, its lovely gardens, the blending of trees, shrubs, and the Stray facing elegant houses and shops, the tonic of its crisp air, above all its liveliness and gaiety, yield it a commanding position amongst watering places. And when I say watering places I include those abroad, such as Spa, Aix-les-Bains, Homburg, Marienbad, and so on. Harrogate is, in fact, far more like a Continental spa than a British one.

THE criticism one usually feels of a British Spa is that once the visitor or patient is in the town he or she is left to his or her own devices. Cohesion between the town folk for the amusement of their guests is rarely discoverable. Above all, in those places I know, is the depressing atmosphere of Victorianism. Everyone is deemed to be an invalid or semi-invalid, and an intolerably dull atmosphere is created. If one is in rude health one feels more than half ashamed of the fact. Ten o'clock is the average bed-time!

THE answer of Harrogate to this sort of thing is simply that the town is run on the most modern lines, and that is the key to its success. Its income from the baths and waters alone is greater than at least the next four best-known Spas in Great Britain, and it is the only resort in the country, I believe, that makes its balance-sheet turn out on the right side. True, it has natural advantages denied to others. Eighty-seven wells within an area of two miles is something to boast of. These may be divided into four classes, strong sulphur, mild sulphur with traces of alkaline salts, saline chalybeate and pure chalybeate.



W. Scott Bradford

THE CITY OF GARDENS

A corner full of quiet sylvan charm in the beautiful Valley Gardens

THE gods have given Harrogate many privileges, and Mr. F. G. Broome sees they are known and shared as a boon by all who choose to avail themselves of them. Do you know Mr. Broome? Few visitors to the Royal Pump Room fail to observe, if they do not make the acquaintance of, the genial general manager of Harrogate's Baths. His eyes twinkle with humour; he looks the picture of health and energy as should the chief of such an establishment; his enthusiasm for the town and its waters knows no bounds, and he inspires it in others. When the newspapers lecture our seaside resorts with failing to organise and combine as is done invariably in Continental resorts, Mr. Broome, of Harrogate, has them all ends up. The Corporation of Harrogate owns its Baths and Royal Hall. It works in conjunction with the big hotels and boarding houses, and the splendid organisation of the town, added to the clever publicity it obtains by sheer enterprise, has given it a large revenue and brought large business to this prosperous and lovely town of gardens and gaiety. Harrogate is run as a

business proposition by the Corporation, and its citizens benefit. It has nothing to learn from any Continental resort—but it owes a great deal to the far-seeing policy of Mr. Broome, who directs its publicity as well as its baths, and it could teach many towns who prate of "Come to Britain" but give little service.

I STAYED at the Grand Hotel near the Valley Gardens recently during a short visit. The Grand also is set amid beautiful gardens, and on the top of a hill. I suppose there were many people there undergoing a cure, but they were merry enough, and the dancing floor of the ballroom was crowded with energetic people who perhaps were taking Kissingen Waters like myself. Harrogate, of course, is only four hours distant from Town by luxurious and rapid expresses, but I preferred to motor. For one reason, the Great North Road is always tempting if one has a good car to drive, and for another the country about Harrogate is so beautiful and varied that one does not want to miss it, and at the same time a car is at any rate, if not essential, a great help.

THE FOUNTAINS HALL, HARROGATE

One of the finest examples of an old English house in existence. It is rumoured that it is being prepared as a country residence for the Duke and Duchess of York

Photographs W. Scott Bradford

THE CITY OF GARDENS

Another sylvan retreat. The Royal Baths Gardens

Keystone

THE GRAND HOTEL

One of the many majestic buildings in Harrogate, surrounded by parks and gardens

BUT perhaps the honest reason is that I wanted to try out the fascinating Black Hawk six-cylinder Stutz car, with its low-slung chassis and Weymann saloon. The last word in a luxury car at a moderate price, for such an engineering output. It has four forward speeds, but the first is rarely required, and it possesses a "No-back." A "Noback" is a patent device which automatically prevents back rolling on hills and inclines. She has a third speed forward as noiseless as most top speeds, and on top one can spin along a straight and open road at over 70 miles per hour without any sense of vibration. Even the magnates who had been to Doncaster races in two thousand pound cars sat up and took notice. The only fly in the ointment was that whenever the Black Hawk, with her golden-buff lines, and wire wheels picked out in scarlet, was parked anywhere, persons would shove their noses inside the car to admire the upholstery and fittings. A big bookmaker was caught in the act.

"Not a bad bus—how much did she cost?"

"Nine hundred and fifty," I replied.

"Gosh!" he returned, "If this tote business fails I'll buy one."

A Black Hawk Stutz and Harrogate are a good combination.

BY VERNON WARD

THE LAP OF LUXURY

Hal Phyfe

CLAIRE LUCE

A recent photograph of the clever young American actress who made a big success in London when she appeared with Nelson Keys in "Burlesque." She is now in New York where she is playing lead in "Scarlet Pages," a strong night-club drama which has been packing the Morosco Theatre

FILM NOTES

TWO NEW TALKIES

By
LADY
ELEANOR
SMITH

Cecil Barry as Peter Norcott accuses Lt. Stark (Carl Brisson) of attempting to kill Grace Malherb (Madeleine Carroll) in a scene from "The American Prisoner," the British International talking picture now being shown at The Regal

Colleen Moore and James Hall in a picturesque love scene in "Smiling Irish Eyes," which is to be seen at The Regal shortly

"The Trespasser," at the New Gallery

Illustrated in last week's "Bystander."

IT is pleasing to record that Gloria Swanson scores a big success in her first talking film for the reason that of late this actress has been singularly unfortunate. I believe I am right in supposing that Miss Swanson spent more than a year in making a picture, "Queen Kelly," under the direction of Von Stroheim, with the inevitable result that this film, conceived on too vast a scale for public release, has apparently been scrapped indefinitely. A year's absence from the screen is risky even for the most popular eighteen-year-old film flapper; in Miss Swanson's case it was perilous in the extreme, for she belongs, young as she is, to a past decade of stars, to that epoch of glittering film queens who have fallen like rockets from the heavens of Hollywood. Norma Talmadge and Pola Negri were once her rivals in greatness; to-day both have dwindled into comparative obscurity, ousted by a bevy of youthful Anita Pages, Nancy Carrolls, and Lupe Velezes.

MISS SWANSON, however, has proved herself indomitable, and in "The Trespasser" she introduces us to a woman we are glad enough to meet after an orgy of shrieking flappers—a good-looking, fascinating, well-groomed creature with a pleasing and musical voice.

SHE plays the part of a typist who marries the son of a rich man. The

SOME CURVES AND A BOW

Perceiving that it was a case of when her hair grew lighter they would love her more, Alice White changed overnight from a brunette to a blonde. In her latest picture, "Broadway Babies," she reveals the secret of how the sudden and successful change was accomplished

two are swiftly parted by the boy's snobbish father, and the girl, left with a baby, becomes the mistress of the elderly millionaire who was once her employer. He dies and leaves her a fortune. And then her ex-husband, now married to a hopeless invalid, discovers for the first time that he is the father of a charming little boy by his short, disastrous first marriage.

AND after this, I am sorry to say, the story, which has up to this point been unfolded with restraint and originality, suddenly becomes a sentimental, maudlin business, during the course of which the heroine idiotically gives up her son to her invalid successor so that the boy shall be brought up in ignorance of his mother's past. Later, of course, the delicate wife dies, and the couple are happily reunited over the cradle of the child, but these typical film heroics are comparatively unimportant.

THE point is that Miss Swanson is admirably exploited in a showy story full of dramatic opportunities, and that she gives a performance which puts the average Hollywood ingénue to shame, although perhaps that is not saying very much for Miss Swanson.

IN any case the star deserves success, for she has worked for it. An English actress, name unknown to me, contributes a delightful portrait of a snappy but devoted English nanny.

"Dangerous Curves," at the Plaza

CLARA Bow emerges rather well from the ordeal of a first Talkie. That is to say, that while her voice is as shrill as that of an agitated young parrokeet, it suits her personality admirably, and she is wise enough not to attempt anything ambitious in the way of elocution, wisely confining herself to pert and slangy repartee, which she delivers with a rather disturbing clarity.

THE film itself is an excellent story of circus life. For once we are spared both broken-hearted clowns and bullying, brutal circus proprietors, and the principal characters of the film are a famous wire-walker, played by Richard Arlen, and a pert little equestrienne who adores him. The acrobat is, of course, in love with his partner, a gorgeous lady who accepts his gifts and deceives him behind his back. When he discovers this infidelity Larry, the acrobat, promptly takes to drink. Clara thereupon reforms him, and I must admit that she does the business thoroughly. And in the end, you will no doubt be vastly astonished to hear, Clara supplants the heartless lady acrobat.

APART from Miss Bow herself, this film is well played by Richard Arlen as Larry and Kay Francis as Zara, the siren. It was a relief to listen to Miss Francis's low-pitched musical voice, but somehow she didn't suggest the circus to me for a moment. Photographically "Dangerous Curves" is brilliant. This is, in consequence, the best Clara Bow film ever made.

"The Terror"

"THE TERROR," a Warner Brothers production of the famous play by Edgar Wallace, has just been generally released. May McAvoy plays the part of the daughter of an aged doctor who keeps a dilapidated English manor house as a Home of Rest. Many exciting and uncanny things happen in this house, and eventually "The Terror" is captured and proved to be the most unexpected person.

Carl Brisson as Cecil Stark and Madeleine Carroll as Grace Malherb in another scene from the clever new British International talking picture, "The American Prisoner"

BY STARR WOOD

SHE: "*Her niece is rather pretty, don't you think?*"
HE (*thoughtlessly*): "*Oh, don't say knees is, say knees are*"

The EVENING COAT May be LONG or SHORT

Threequarter evening coat of emerald green velvet trimmed with silver fox fur

Model by PATOU. Specially sketched in Paris for THE BYSTANDER

By
BLANCHE B. ELLIOTT

In discussing the new modes launched by the big Paris houses one is speaking, as it were, with inside knowledge. Later, throughout the season, varied aspects of them percolate through lesser channels when they become "after" so and so, and to be able to "spot" a model and date it accurately is a useful and highly entertaining occupation. There is the usual glib gossip launched each season: "What is X—— doing this year?" "Does Y—— fulfil the promise of the Spring Show?" "Is Z—— really going downhill so fast?" Each year the leaders of la haute couture reply by creating new ideas and fresh models, and the world flocks greedily to see. And if there is a touch of hauteur, a slight shrug of scorn towards those who can only copy, adapt and standardise—who can blame them? They view life through the angle of clothes and handle material and colour as the painter his brush and paints or the writer his pen. With a wisp of tulle or a swirl of silk they cast a glamour in the eyes; one falls under their spell and is content to accept what their genius creates.

The Evening Toilette

At the moment most of us are greatly occupied with our evening frock and the coat that is to accompany it, and in this there is great novelty. There is an increasing tendency amongst those of us who can afford it to wear the evening frock and wrap ensemble. With the advent of the longer skirt there is the rather natural reversion to the shorter wrap, and the threequarter length is enormously in vogue. It is perfectly lovely carried out in brocaded lamé, with the frock of the same material. Enchanting little draped models with full, bloused backs, high collars in fur or material give just the needed finish to the theatre or evening toilette when one is going on to a party afterwards. Sometimes they are bound with fur and clip the hips in a curving line with an upward tendency in front, as the one illustrated on this page, from Patou, while the high-standing collars literally engulf the head.

Great Variety

Each house showed a bewildering variety of evening coats in beautiful shot or brocaded metals, taffeta, moiré, faille and, of course, velvet in the new stiff "millinery" kind that has largely supplanted the chiffon velvet so much seen last year. There is a good deal of fox used as trimming, chiefly in the most expensive brand of silver, but ermine is probably first favourite, with a good deal of mink. Cheruit, always famous for her wraps, showed some gorgeous examples, with a suggestion of the cape in the back and the draping movement very noticeable. Lelong showed a tendency to bows, loops and gathered frills with many black and white effects. Lanvin used quite a great deal of tight gatherings as trimming, and it appeared variously in different materials on frocks, coat and hat. The long coats also have many to sponsor them. Some have pointed ends to the ground, while Patou—always daring—showed a much discussed model with a long train in deep prune velvet (dahlia foncé), with a plain, long scarf just twisted once round the neck and falling straight from the shoulder. Evening coats on the whole are lovely, gracious things; many in opalescent colours to accompany different coloured frocks; it was often difficult to say when they cease to be coats and become capes, or vice versa. One particularly clever treatment of such a cape-coat was given by Augustabernard in a lamé with draped collar, the cape's fullness gathered in a fan-point where the elbow should be—a model deserving of much success. By way of contrast there are the coats with the princess lines and full-skirted effects, often shorter in front, with long, close-fitting flowing lines which are specially suited to certain types of women. They also boast the high fur collars and often develop some fur fantasie as to cuff.

Hunt Balls and Others

There are few more delicious moments of physical well-being than after a good day in the saddle to step into a hot bath and later emerge clothed in a softly feminine garment for evening wear. If the wind and weather have not been kind to your complexion a beauty treatment should be indulged in directly you come in, and if the exposed line of demarcation be too apparent, it is so easy to match the sun tan, which can be carried down to whatever point of your vertebra you decide to disclose. If, again, you are not so proud of your arms and back as you might be, the little separate coatees or casaquins I have already written of will just afford you the cover you seek. Or should you prefer the bridge room to the dance floor, you will do well to arm yourself with one of them. Thus the new styles for evening are on the whole very kind to all except the fat—and fat, dear lady, is what you simply must not be! With all the marvellous cures to be taken, and with the exercise of a little self-control (pardon me if I seem harsh!) one may regain some semblance of a figure that makes the wearing of the new styles a successful possibility.

The Evening Fur Coat

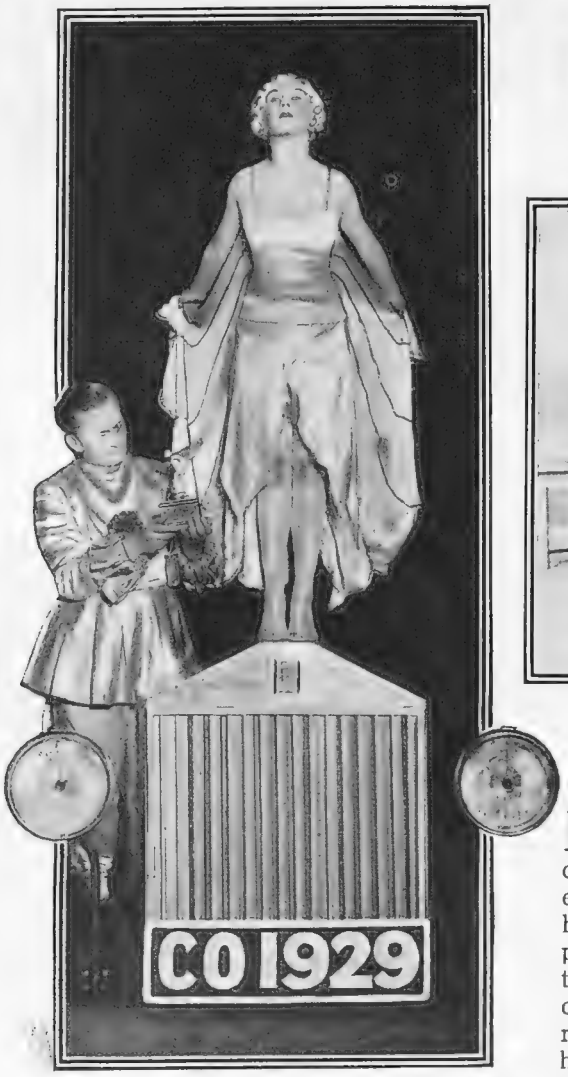
There is quite a lessening in the number of long fur coats for evening dress wear, notably of chinchilla or sable. Because of their cost these were only limited to comparatively few wearers, yet there is no doubt that the long fur coat has given place to the fur-trimmed coat. It may be the change of outline is one reason for this, but it does not entirely account for it. The mink coats which *were* shown were exquisite in their modelling, and the marking and working of the lovely little pelts showed the newest lines. Ermine for evening is always a favourite, as its soft whiteness is becoming alike to dark or fair beauty, and it is an excellent background for jewels; but the number of fur-trimmed coats both for day and evening wear in each of the collections was a more remarkable feature. Speaking of furs, one must not forget a coat of gleaming white galika with a faint ripple on its surface, shown by Worth, which was much remarked upon. Worn with a black frock it made a stunning black and white effect. On the other hand, quite a number of *short* fur coats were shown, chiefly for street wear.

The New Walk

With all this change of styles there has evolved, of course, a new walk. In the extreme models which are sheath-tight to the knees before they flow outwards into fullness, one must indulge in a sinuous glide, while the added dignity of a train also involves an altered gait. To watch a clever mannequin drift along in a trailing evening gown, stride boyishly round in a golf or tennis frock, or assume a daring swagger in a well-built coat and skirt is to understand a little the meaning of clothes. It is atmosphere, mimicry—what you will—but it expresses an effort to portray the spirit of la mode, something the artist creator has evolved and seeks to express; some captive secret stolen from the elusive soul of femininity and betrayed in clothes. And there is a certain dramatic quality necessary in wearing them successfully; something in one's personality that certain garments instinctively call out. It is one of the chief attributes that go to make up that distinctive quality called chic. Sometimes one has to sacrifice mere prettiness to obtain it. All good mannequins possess it and are, in consequence, born and not made. Between them they have evolved the new walk. It is indescribable, but one thing is certain—we shall all be trying to do it soon.

A lovely evening gown of embroidered tulle

if gossip



Sasha

Phyllis Monkman makes an attractive motor mascot when she appears with Melville Gideon in their song, "My Rolls-Royce Lady." This is one of the most popular numbers in the Co-Optimist's show at the Vaudeville

THE RACE FOR THE COCKTAIL

After the morning dip at Biarritz the call of the sea is silenced by the call of the American Bar it in no uncertain fashion

BUT when an actor with the mentality of a super becomes a super-snob, what on earth can contain or retain him? The aforementioned person, who is seen rarely at the Green Room Club (because, I suspect, there is no room there to stable his horses), wrote recently to an eminent comedian for "two first-night stalls for my friend, Prince George." Not an easy request, for the theatre was sold out and the notice was short. But desperate arrangements were made, and two good stalls were dispatched that afternoon to Buckingham Palace. As they remained unoccupied throughout the evening the theatre was both hurt and annoyed. The following morning, however, a charming note arrived from an Equerry at the Palace regretting that the seats had not been used, but pointing out that they had not been asked for and that, in point of fact, His Royal Highness had been out of London for a considerable time.

THE sequel is amusing. The eminent comedian sent a sulphurous note

IF Thackeray were alive and ready to write another "Book of Snobs" he would have to expand it into at least a dozen volumes in order to deal fully and faithfully with the exploits of a certain actor who has reached some post-War success. I am not one of those who inveigh against the modern young actor who dresses, talks, and behaves like a gentleman, and, in many cases, happens to be one by both birth and education. He is probably a better fellow than the old blue-chinned Bodega-hunting cadger of half-crowns, and certainly a better actor than those of the school that may be described as Irony-and-water, with a deuce of a lot of water (and very dirty water at that). If an actor's golf and public school ties do not happen to prevent him from acting well, by all means let him play golf and wear half a dozen public school ties all at once if he chooses to do so.

BY BAIRD

"Did Reggie propose to you on the promenade last night?"
"Oh no, dear. All was quiet on the Western Front!"

we must

Keystone View

Above a party of jolly bathers are seen answering

A HUNTING LAY

THOUGH Summer is ended
We do not complain,
And Life seems just splendid
Though Summer is ended.
The Autumn's intended
For hunting again.

For tennis and cricket
We don't care a jot.
Our patience can't stick it
At tennis and cricket,
We sigh for the thicket
Where scent is laid hot.

The hounds' eager voices
Are music, we vow.
Of all sounds, our choice is
The hounds' eager voices,
The bay that rejoices
Us hunting men now.

Who cares if it's raining?
Who minds if it's drear?
When hounds stream past straining
Who cares if it's raining?
You'll hear no complaining—
Frost's all that we fear. B. W.

By Chicot

"I hear you have a terribly difficult part in your next show"

"Who ever told you that? Why, I haven't a word to say!"

"That's just why it will be so difficult for you, dearest!"

to the actor who had made the demand. He received a cool reply, without a hint of apology, that perhaps he ought to have made it clear that he wanted the stalls for his friend, Prince George Something-or-other-insky, of Russia, and signed the letter . . . . (Major).

The further sequel is probably yet to come. There are those whom hunting horses do not impress.

I AM constantly being told that films are growing more cultured, more artistic, more refined, and so forth. Perhaps. Let us take at random the descriptions of a few current "masterpieces" as displayed in the film-advertisement page of a London daily paper. Each is applied to a different film:—

"A heart-throbbing sensation of the underworld."

"The mightiest crook sensation of all time."

"A poignant drama of hot love."

"Sex secrets in a dazzling setting of adventure."

"A melting masterpiece of 'Mammy" song."

"Thrills, danger, and a 'peppy' heart-catch."

"The shapeliest sun-bathe 'cuties in the world."

Good, clean fun, this.

Bertram Park

Mary Newcomb as the whitewashed heroine of Temple Thurston's new play, "Emma Hamilton," at the New Theatre, is made to act as a table decoration for the edification of Sir Henry Featherstonhaugh (Frederick Lloyd, right) and his guests. Charles Greville (Ion Swinley), however, is deeply pained at the sight of the fair Emma covered with nothing but a thin nightdress and deep confusion

THERE are said to be in London alone over sixty expert Press agents of recognised experience and ability. They have been known to call themselves "directors of publicity," "literary advisers," and heaven knows what else, but their objects, if not all sublime, amount to much the same in the end. It is a pity the Conservative Party does not hire one of them. The Labour Party have had phenomenal luck, and have made the shrewdest use of it. But, by the great god, Karl Marx, how they have been in the limelight! The benevolent Lansbury has been the friend to little children, not above, but below the bright blue

skies (which is probably where the little children prefer him). Popularity has shone, full, strong, and sincere, on the Sea-green Incorruptible, Snowden. Uncle Arthur has won on the Geneva swings what he lost on the Egyptian roundabouts. Ramsay MacDonald has been photographed getting in and out of aeroplanes, has gone to the Shaw play, and is now off, in a blaze of advertisement, to America, with Ishbel scooping up far more haloes than ever came the way of admirable Mrs. Baldwin, or even Megan.

Raphael

COLONEL ELWY JONES
Who has returned to the Kit-Cat Restaurant in an executive capacity

Henry Kendall and Eve Gray in a tender passage in that remarkably robust old melodrama, "The Flying Fool," at the Prince's Theatre

§

No one can blame the Socialists. What they call the "Dope" Press has written enough eulogistic dope about them to keep any party in power for a decade. But isn't it about time the Conservative Party (which, don't let us forget, represents in the aggregate more voters than any other) did something? Even if it does not break the pledge not to oppose "fractiously," it might at any rate oppose unfractiously, for it is the Opposition's duty to oppose. At present it gives no sign even of existence. Mr. Baldwin has been spending weeks at Aix-les-Bains. One reads of his chief commanders coquetting with big jobs in the City — which for the moment is not a place that exactly inspires public confidence. Winston Churchill is, as far as I can see, the only man who might get busy, and he is on the other side of the Atlantic. Why doesn't *somebody* do *something*?

§

From whatever quarter the crowds have been disgorged — Deauville, Biarritz, Gleneagles, Juan-les-Pin, San Sebastian or Southend —London is very full again. Perhaps it is no longer fashionable even to suggest holidays, for sunburn is not being worn any more. Whether it was removed by a pot of grease and a face-towel, or by fair wear and tear, it has gone, and our young maidens have nice pink and white complexions, as young maidens should; and so have a lot of the young men, though young men shouldn't.

Gone, apparently for ever, are the women who not long ago were making their cheeks dark orange colour and their lips as scarlet as the pomegranate. And if you ask me why they did this, the answer is a lemon.

Ben Bernie's band at the Kit-Cat are doing a thing I rather dislike any jazz band doing—that is, they are playing famous melodies, romantic, classical, and folk-songs, and syncopating them. But they do it most efficiently, and I suppose that if they have no taking melodies of their own, a band must go in for taking the melodies of other people. They play superbly well, except that their fox-trots are on the fast side.

The semi-official party arranged at the Kit-Cat for their debut took place on a Sunday night, so the place was able to be full of theatrical folk. Jack Buchanan, Phyllis Monk-

By A. R. Cane

"What on earth does the chef call this?"
"Mock turtle soup, sir."
"Well, go and tell him, with my compliments, that he has carried his mockery too far!"

Stage Photo Co.

Margaret Bannerman and Austin Melford discuss life over a cup of tea in a scene from their successful music-hall sketch, "Hard Hearted Anna," in which they have been appearing at the Coliseum

man (who had just had a busy day of Phyl-ming), Nelson Keys, Bobby Howes, Betty Chester, Rex Evans, Cathleen Nesbitt, Tom Burke, Roy Royston, George Metaxa, and Phyllis Neilson-Terry were among the many, as well as those faithful and knightly henchmen of almost any stage party, Sir Herbert Morgan and Sir Sefton Brancker.

COL. ELWY JONES, who was until recently at the Piccadilly, has now returned to the Kit-Cat in an official capacity. His courtesy and charm of manner would have taken him a very long way had he embraced diplomacy. As it is, he embraces instead Miss Stephanie Stephens. With all possible haste do I add that Miss Stephens is Mrs. Elwy Jones as well as being a pretty blonde such as any gentleman would prefer, and a clever actress. I am sorry that her last engagement was with the unfortunate *Open Your Eyes* company, whose débâcle opened the eyes of a good many people to the need for careful supervision of all theatrical enterprises, and for some sort of guarantee from those whose spirit may be willing, but whose bank - balances are weak. Miss Stephens comes from a journalistic family, for she is the daughter of dear old "Pot" Stephens, who passed away many years ago.

By HYNES

"I'm prostrated to think that Lord Rupert had to carry me over three meadows and two ploughed fields."

"He's prostrated himself!"

CIRO'S is fully open again—only the grillroom functions when the holidays are on—and, although much care is, quite rightly, concentrated on the band, there are some attractive

Fay Compton as Mary Marlowe, the heroine of "Secrets," which was recently revived at the Comedy, in a domestic scene which definitely belongs to the past! Henry Daniell is seen as Mary's lover, John Charlton

cabaret turns for the next few weeks. Not many of them, but, as George Robey used to sing, "What *is* there, is *good*." Joan Pickering, who used to dance at the Embassy, Russell Kaye, Horace Kenney, Parr and Parr, and Jack Stanford are all on the list, but not all of them will entertain at once, or even in the same week. Some, perhaps, will not entertain at all—but that is unlikely.

IF, however, one does not require cabaret, or any dance music, there is Kettner's. The cooking at this famous old spot is on the high level (and possibly higher) that it was in Victorian days, but the general management of the place has been brought well up-to-date. So if you want to concentrate on food, and on drink, here is a spot where such apolaustic concentration is not likely to be disturbed.

BY CHICOT

"Will you give me the next dance, Mrs. Bulque?"
"Well, if you don't mind—I'm really too danced out"
"Oh, don't say that! You're just deliciously plump!"

BY STANELLI

GOLF PRO: *"Your form's all wrong—your knees are in the wrong place, and your wrists are weak—you don't use your head, and your stance is horrible!"*

PUPIL: *"My good man, are you aware that I won "The Daily Glass" beauty competition last month"*

AN EVENING IN THE

Mundo's impression of some famous habitués of le Cercle Privé in the Casino at Deauville. The group includ
A complete key to the characters portrayed

CASINO AT DEAUVILLE

s Mr. James Hennessy, the Aga Khan, M. André Citroën, M. Martenez de Hoz and M. Henri de Cottevieille.
bove will be found elsewhere in this number

WILLS'S
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TOBACCO

H.M. BATEMAN.
53

PARIS GOSSIP

"Voilà! Les truffes!"

TRUFFLES AND TRIFLES

By SYLVIA LYON

Illustrated by KIPPA

WHY doesn't somebody found a pig-pack?

What can you hunt with pigs? Truffles, my dears, truffles. Everybody knows that truffles are monstrous, rootless mushrooms, growing below the ground, and discovered and literally unearthed by pigs sniffing for them. They are found in the Périgord country, and you always thought that they were found in paté de fois gras, didn't you? Pig shepherds follow the animals, and when they see and hear a lot of pulling and grunting they shout, "Voilà! Les truffes!" How chic it would be to be called, "Mr. So-and-So, M.T.P." (Master of Truffle Pigs). Of course the pig-pack must be pedigreed and very sophisticated, as Périgord is in the Dordogne, where the prehistoric caves are, and if a badly-trained pig ran down a lot of flints you would have far worse indigestion than eating bona fide truffles.

GOODNESS knows I am not going in for archæology this winter. This is merely a prelude to my latest epicurean exploit. In the Place St. Michel is a restaurant called Ruzière (although now it is called l'Auberge de Père Gourgoudine), where the specialité de la maison is truffles cooked in ashes. The truffle appears wrapped in scorched paper. When this is peeled off, a hot enveloping crust is revealed. You cut into this, and there is a whole black, hot truffle about the size of an apricot. Many people who regret that their early years were too devoid of prosperity to permit the elegance of gout by consuming, let us say, three whole truffles in one week, will acquire enough gout to last them a lifetime.

THE yearly auction of grapes from the King's trellises at Fontainebleau has been held. This sounds a bit pre-War, to say the least, but these trellises are still called the King's. The grapes are cultivated with special care, and the harvest sold once a year to the highest bidder.

THE vines were originally planted to provide grapes for the table of Francis the First, my favourite French King, although I like Henry IV pretty well, too, but I like Francis I because he imported Leonardo da Vinci and Benvenito Cellini from Italy, because of Clouet's portrait, and because Francis was so broad-minded. He did not seem to care when his son took his best girl away from him. There is something so generous and big about sharing your girl with your own son.

But I was not talking about girls, I was talking about grapes. I have not yet discovered, but expect to shortly, where the Francis I grapes are to be found in Paris. There are several fruit shops which I suspect, displaying as they do fruit laid in cotton-wool as though you were shopping for pearls at Cartier.

SHOPS, galleries, everything in Paris becomes more and more specialised. This morning I saw a new little gallery in the rue Montaigne. In the window were a few fine Chinese porcelain dogs, horses and plates with a fish design. The gallery is called "Les Animaux dans l'art." The gallery sells obviously only animal art. The idea is interesting, and I am sure will have great success with the nonchalant but expert collectors who abound in Paris.

No doubt one will say, if having tea at the nearby Sherry's, "Pardon me for a minute or two. I want to buy a package of Camels and a couple of K'ien Lung horses."

BEFORE the opening of Longchamps, I lunched at Armenonville, which is considered the thing to do, but I think it's the worst thing to do, as by the time you get out of the place you haven't any money left for plunging. However, a little family group I saw there, consisting of Madame Balsan, her husband, Mrs. Belmont, her mother, and Harold Vanderbilt, her brother, did not appear what you might call worried over their racing budget.

"He did not seem to care when his son took his best girl away from him"

Well, the racing may have been good, but the crowd was not. Very few people have returned to Town. Most of the women kept away, I think, because the day was too warm to wear autumn dresses, and some people would rather be found dead than wearing summer clothes on September the fifteenth.

THE photographers at the Paris races are a sly lot. They come up to you saying they want your picture for the papers, and asking you a lot of questions, such as what colour your dress is (if it is black and you tell them green they write down "green" in an expert manner), what it's made of, and who made it. Incidentally, they inquire your address. You see many women suddenly feeling so chic they can hardly stand up. Of course, two or three days later the photographer appears to sell the pictures, which were never intended for any paper.

TRISTAN BERNARD was calling on a friend the other day who lives in a fifth storey apartment in a house that has no lift. On the way up the panting, stout, bearded Bernard had to stand aside to allow a furniture mover to descend, who bore on his back a grandfather's clock. Very annoyed, Bernard said to the man, "Why don't you get a wrist-watch?"

THE Olympia music-hall and the Théâtre des Capucines, the latter so long famous for its revues, which were usually written by Rip, will in the future house talkies.

The following plays will shortly be produced and should be good: at the Porte St. Martin, Maurice Rostand's *Le Dernier Tsar,* with Huguette "ex-Duflos" as the star. She must be called "ex-Duflos" owing to her having broken her contract with the Comédie Française and having divorced her husband. I cannot understand why she is starred, as the marvellous Ludmilla Piteoff is in the cast.

At the Théâtre St. George, which opened last year as a sort of super Grand Guignol, but has changed its mind this season, will be Henri Duvernois' *La Fugue,* with Victor Francen and Renée Corciade; there will be reprises of Alfred Savoir's *Banco,* with Jules Berry and Suzy Prim, at the Potinière, and Nozière's *Notre Amour,* with André Brulé and Madeleine Lely, at the Madeleine.

THE Grand Ecart is open again, so everybody feels better. Nothing has been changed in the decor, nor should there be. The only new idea is the new drummer, an Argentine boy, who sings wonderfully to tangoes and who wears a pink carnation. The other night there was Leon-Paul Fargue, the poet, but then he is always there; Arthur Rubinstein, the pianist, but then he is always there, too; Lady Milford Haven, Kiki Roy, the Maharanee of Cooch Behar, Ralph Strassburger, the American racing man, the Count de Medici, "Tigre" de Regnier and Captain Martinez, of the Argentine Legation.

THE most pessimistic novelty shown in the shops is a flat envelope-shaped week-end bag, containing a little umbrella; French army aviators have a new uniform, dark blue with a rather long, flaring tunic that is beltless; there is a new series of superb etchings of animal subjects by Jouve (I didn't say by Jove, I said by Jouve) at the Colette Weil Galleries in the Avenue Victor Emmanuel; there are two of the finest still-lifes Laglenne has ever painted in the windows of Bernheim Jeune.

THERE is a most alarming clock craze in Paris. The newest variation is an alarm clock surrounded by movable metal gadgets set in a metal block which contains an engagement block and perpetual calendar. By these means you can time yourself for dates months ahead. For example, if you have an engagement at five o'clock on October the third, all you do is this: lift one gadget opposite four o'clock, another at four-thirty, and write with whom your date is on the block below. When the first bell rings you can start to dress; at the second call a cab. Then you glance to see with whom you are to tea, and throw the damn thing out of the window.

S. L.

"Then you glance to see with whom you are to tea and throw the damn thing out of the window!"

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'Ware Pessimism

THE prospects of good sport with hounds during the rapidly approaching fox-hunting season, which, according to the Calendar of the Chase, opens on November 1, are bright enough. From practically every one of the 217 hunting countries in England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland, come encouraging reports of a fair show of strong, healthy foxes—too good a show in some countries, perhaps, from the non-hunting covert owners' point of view. Thanks to an exceptionally early harvest, not a few packs commenced cubbing during the second and third week in August, and although, generally speaking, scenting conditions have been none too favourable owing to the long spell of hot and dry weather, the young entry has been well blooded.

Harking back for a moment to the lean and anxious early post-War hunting seasons, I remember asking a former Master of the Woodland Pytchley his opinion in regard to the future of fox-hunting. "Well," he replied, "I am always being 'run into' by a pack of babbling pessimists who swear that the 'new men with old acres,' the smallholders, and the Socialistic kill-sports, will, between them, make hunting impossible within ten years. "But," added he, "I maintain that a strain of new *rich* blood will give fox-hunting a fresh lease of life."

It would seem that the gallant M.F.H. in question was far longer-sighted than the before-mentioned "babblers," for, notwithstanding the machinations of the anti-blood-sport fanatics and the wiring propensities of a certain species of smallholder, hunting is in a more flourishing condition to-day, I venture to say, than has been the case since the season of 1913-14.

Sir Albert Bingham, Bart., who is the Joint-Master of the Grove with Lieut.-Colonel A. ffrench-Blake

The Old and the New Order

SAD to relate, many of the old order of tax-burdened landowners, who were formerly the backbone of hunting, have, during the past decade or longer, been compelled by the exigency of the times not only to relinquish their estates but also to withdraw their wonted and generous support towards the maintenance of their favourite Hunts. Indeed, but a very few years ago the outlook, so far as hunting was concerned, was by no means hopeful, and several famous Hunts in the Shires and provinces found it very hard to carry on owing to lack of funds. Then, greatly to their credit, the new order of landowners came to the rescue, and it is mainly due to such timely assistance that the premier of field sports, fox-hunting, is again placed upon a firmer footing. Notwithstanding that subscriptions have necessarily been increased greatly since the War, the lists, together with the fields, of the majority of Hunts have improved each successive season, while "caps" are also well responded to by strangers hunting with packs which make a practice of "capping."

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Lord Poltimore, the Joint-Master of Dulverton Hunt with Mr. E. L. Hancock

Mrs. Burgoyne, the Master of the Wylye Valley Hounds

Keen Youngsters

THAT hunting is not doomed to die a natural death for a good many years to come is, I think, evinced by the ever-increasing number of keen, youthful sportsmen and girls who, mounted on all sorts and sizes of equines, do their level best to live with hounds from a find to a finish. And, truth to tell, some of the "young entry" ride a thundering sight straighter and better across country than do their progenitors. It is to the younger generation of fox-hunters, and their children to come, that we must look to carry on and maintain the ancient and honourable traditions and practice of the Chase, a love of which every true-born and well-conditioned English boy and girl is imbued by Nature. To my idea the most charming innovation in the annals of modern hunting is the children's meet and the Master's talk on hounds, hunting, and behaviour in the field. These occasional juvenile fixtures have become very popular in the Shires and provinces, and they do far more towards imparting a rudimentary knowledge of the art and etiquette (a most essential detail) of fox-hunting, and perpetuating love of the Chase, than all the hunting literature that ever found a way into type.

Boorishness in the Field

APROPOS behaviour in the field, why is it that so many *new* and occasional followers of hounds appear to be so utterly ignorant of the customs, manners and courtesies of hunting? To such folk riding over young

(*Continued on page 41*).

Sport and General

The Rev. E. A. Milne, the Master of the Cattistock, seen with Lord Wynford, watching the digging out of a fox that has gone to earth

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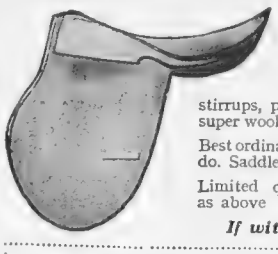

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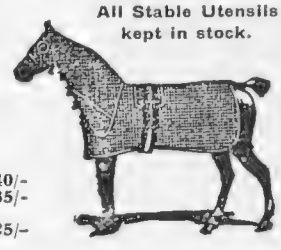

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FARMERS AND THE HUNTS

Hay Wrightson

Major V. D. S. Williams, who hunts the Grafton with Mr. A. E. S. Guinness

corn or seeds; larking over and breaking down fences; leaving a few gates open to allow horses, cattle and stock generally to stray and wander at will, is apparently quite good and legitimate fun; while to chaff or curse (according to mood) a farmer or labourer is, of course, exceedingly smart on the part of a fox-hunter.

In the majority of cases such offenders against the unwritten, but well-defined, laws of venery hail from the towns, and, having paid the "cap," they consider themselves entitled to enjoy their day out with hounds in their own fashion.

Farmers and Hunting

THE cant phrase, "A farmer has always something to growl about," contains a lot of truth. No one, of course, believes that a husbandman will continue to cultivate land at a dead loss from pure love of farming, but the agriculturist's calling is certainly not particularly profitable nowadays, and therefore, unhappily, fewer farmers are seen in the hunting field than of yore. But agriculture and hunting have ever gone hand in hand, and living, as I do, in the heart of the Midlands, I can vouch for the fact that, with comparatively few exceptions, the present generation of Leicestershire, Lincolnshire, Derbyshire, Notts and Staffordshire yeomen and tenant farmers are just as keen on fox-hunting as were their hard-riding—and more pecunious—fathers before them.

These good sportsmen are always glad to see hounds and hunting people of the *right* kind on their land; though, naturally, they bitterly resent the other sort of "sports" running riot over their freshly sown tillages or young wheat. On the other hand, we cannot reasonably expect the modern farmer to stop gaps and mend fences with posts and rails, as did his forefathers.

Irish Times Photo

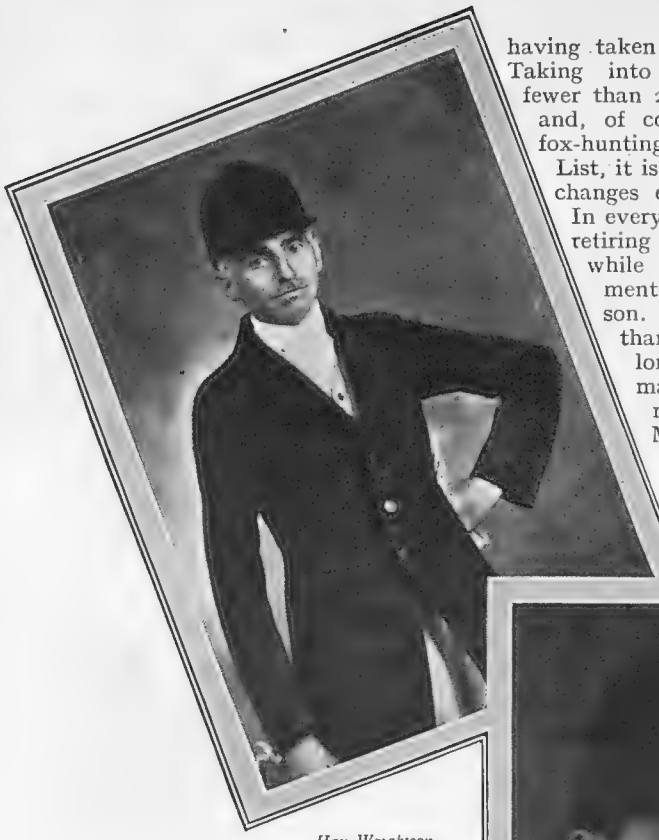
Messrs. H. M. Read and G. S. Webb, the Joint-Masters of the Ormond Hunt

List of Foxhounds

I WISH to draw the attention of hunting people in general, and M.F.H.s and Hunt secretaries in particular, to the List of Foxhounds which forms the supplement of this week's special number of THE BYSTANDER. The list

Photographs *Bassano and Poole and Co.*

Lieut.-Colonel Hudson Kinahan, the Master of the Island Foxhounds, who hunt Co. Wicklow. Inset is Mr. A. E. S. Guinness, the Joint-Master of the Grafton



Hay Wrightson

The Master of the Holcombe, Lieut.-Colonel Charles Ainsworth, M.P.

has been most carefully revised and brought up to date in regard to changes of control, days of fixtures, etc., from notes and information supplied by the executives of the various Hunts throughout the kingdom. I may mention that this essentially complete and useful list, printed on stiff paper, will be supplied upon application to the offices of THE BYSTANDER, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. It is well worthy a place on the walls of every hunting-box and kennel.

Changes in the List

OUR new List discloses the fact of a number of changes of Mastership having taken place since last season. Taking into consideration that no fewer than 217 packs of foxhounds—and, of course, a like number of fox-hunting countries—figure in the List, it is obvious that considerable changes each year are inevitable. In every case the gaps left by the retiring Masters have been filled, while the number of establishments is the same as last season. The names of no fewer than twelve women grace the long list of M.F.H.s. The majority of these sportsmen fill the rôle of Joint-Masters, including Miss Frances Pitt, the talented writer on nature subjects, who shares the Mastership of the Wheatland Hunt with Capt. C. W. Whitmore. Miss Guest, of Inwood Templecombe, will again hunt her own pack of twenty-five couple two days a week. Miss Annette Usher succeeds Mr. A. Hall Watt as Master of the North Northumberland; Mrs. Brian Bibby has very pluckily taken sole control of the North Shropshire since the sudden death of her husband in July last; and that fine horsewoman, Mrs. J. P. Arkwright, is Joint-Master of the North Warwick with Mr. Guy Jackson. In all truth, the "weaker" sex has come very much into its own in the hunting world.

Captain R. Monckton, D.L., M.F.H., has written us to the effect that Viscount Cobham, Master of the Albrighton Woodland Hunt, is, ex officio, also Joint-Master with him (Capt. Monckton) of the Albrighton. We assume that the twain will also share command over the subsidiary Woodlant Hunt. The regrettable death of Mr. Herbert Straker, Joint-Master of the Zetland Hunt, recently, has left a blank in list of M.F.H.s of the old school. Mr. Straker, who was seventy-three years of age, had been Master of this well-known Yorkshire pack since 1911, and he was joined by his son-in-law, Lord Barnard, in 1920. Not having heard to the contrary, we presume that Lord Barnard will carry on as sole Master of the Zetland. Sir H. Nutting, Bart., having resigned the Mastership of the Meynell, the reins of office have been taken over by Major B. Hardy and Mr. C. Hilton Green conjointly.

Hay Wrightson

Mr. J. H. Gold, the Joint-Master of the Ludlow Hunt

Keturah Collings

Lieut.-Colonel F. J. B. Wingfield Digby. He is the Master of the Blackmore Vale

Sir Dennis F. Boles, Bart. He is the Master of the West Somerset Foxhounds

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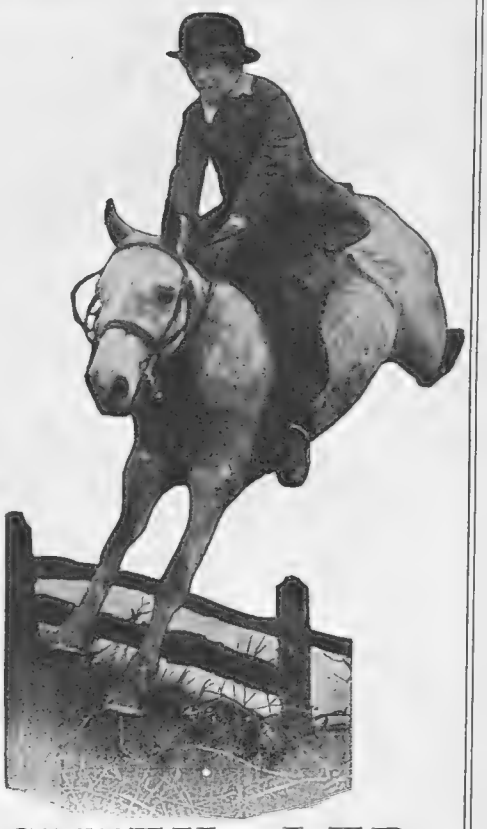

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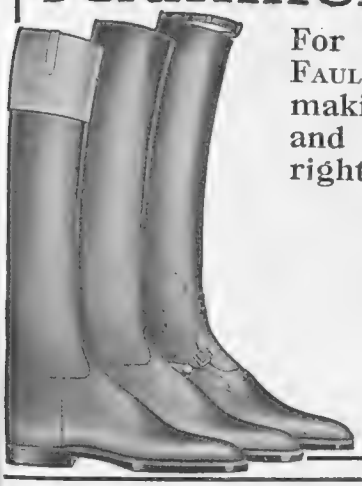

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HUNTING PROSPECTS (continued from page 42)

WORDS OF WISDOM FROM AN M. F. H.

Keturah Collings

Mr. E. R. Barclay. He is the Joint-Master of the Puckridge

again reigns over the Quorn. Though that clever huntsman, Walter Wilson, retired at the finish of last season, after showing excellent sport with this world-famous pack from the end of the War, his place in the field will doubtless be ably filled by his former lieutenant, George Barker. The latter has the making of a successful huntsman, and with Major Burnaby in command and a good show of healthy foxes in practically every covert, the prospects for these hounds are particularly bright. Mr. Charles Tonge and Mr. Peter Ackroyd are again Joint-Masters of the Belvoir Hunt. There is a good supply of foxes; no difficulty has been experienced in regard to the taking down of wire. Mr. Hilton Green, whose name I have mentioned elsewhere as a Joint-Master of the Meynell, will carry the horn with those hounds this season. Warwickshire hunting people are delighted to find a Willoughby de Broke taking an interest officially in the county pack. Lord Willoughby de Broke and Captain C. Smith Ryland have been elected Joint-Masters of the Warwickshire Hunt in place of Major H. N. Huttenbach, who retired at the finish of last season. The services of E. Cox are being retained as huntsman. Colonel Wingfield Digby, who, by the way, has now held office as Master of the Blackmore Vale Hunt for twenty consecutive years, writes to say that he has every reason to expect a real good season. "Hounds are looking extraordinarily well after eighteen days' cubbing. Hard going and hot days making cubbing very trying," remarks the gallant M.F.H., adding, "In spite of this, Jack Doe (Doe has already had a pretty long innings as huntsman to the Blackmore Vale) has managed to catch nineteen brace of foxes and a badger to date (September 21) without visiting the biggest strongholds (i.e., large coverts which are at present impossible for hounds or horses). So there appears to be a good show of foxes. Like many other packs, all we want now is rain."

A Hint for Tyro Foxhunters

A CERTAIN M.F.H. has requested me to use the following note: Why will some tyro foxhunters of both sexes persist, whenever possible, in asking inane questions of a whipper-in after hounds have been "thrown into covert," or, for that matter, at any time? A whipper-in's job is to turn hounds, bring them on, stop them riotting, and taking a scent heelways. He must keep his eyes "glued" to the side he has been told off to watch for a fox to cross over, and neither turn his head nor open his lips unless it be to rate hounds quietly when necessary, or to holloa a fox away. Briefly, when hounds are drawing, casting, etc., the Hunt servants have no time to answer futile questions. Offenders against this unwritten law of the Chase deserve—and often receive—a good rating from the Master.

Topical

Colonel R. E. Negus, the Master of the Exmoor Foxhounds, on the way to a meet. He has been Master since 1927

Barratts

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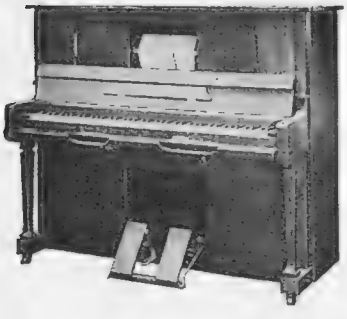

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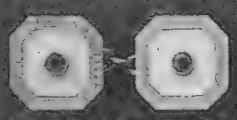

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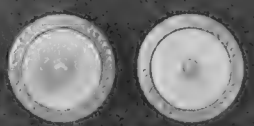

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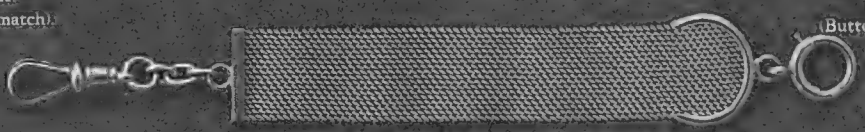

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE CHEAT

By EDWARD WOODWARD

Illustrated by Frank Oldham

"'Thanks for your confession, Gough,' he said. 'Now I know that you killed my wife!'"

IT was a bleak morning, and Geraldine Gough, hacking to the Croft Gate meet, felt chilled and out of tune with things.

If it had not been for the letter received that morning from Grace Macfarline full of Kenya gossip Geraldine would have cut this fixture. But a girl can't sit and twiddle her thumbs when her husband, ostensibly big game shooting in Africa, is "cheating" with another woman; so Gerry nursed her bay along the God-given grit at the side of the tarmac, and tried to be calm.

Gerry's marriage to Austin Gough had been an indiscretion. Tony Bletherwait had started things by bringing them together, and Gough's dash and looks had done the rest. To Gerry, fresh from the Shires, he had looked one of the right sort; and to Gough the slim girl with the steady grey eyes and wide, jolly mouth was "something straight off the ice."

Six weeks saw them married, and they returned from their honeymoon to Bruff Court, Leicestershire—which Gerry had inherited from her father—in time for cubbing.

They had hunted through the following season; and then, abruptly, in the spring Gough decided to go to Africa after rhino.

Geraldine was piqued that he made no suggestion of her accompanying him; but she had no use for the "tagging" wife, so, with a shrug and a sigh, let him go. But eighteen months slipped by and Austin failed to return. His rare letters were perfunctory, and Gerry began to receive epistolary whispers of how her husband was amusing himself.

Outwardly she declined to credit these "friendly" letters of deprecatory scandal, but inwardly she felt cheated, as though her pocket had been picked.

"Morning, Mrs. G.!" called General Rates, the Master, as she reached Croft Gate and saw the black and pink of coats, the shiny toppers and hard felts, and the waving sterns of hounds already arrived. "Looks like a run to-day. Why don't you whip that ranging husband of yours in from rioting after rhino?"

"Oh, he'll trot home one day," said Gerry, donning her "foot-light" smile.

"And I should give him a good double-thonging," chuckled the General, and jogged off.

"Damn Austin," mused Gerry. "Everyone thinks I'm a blind fool."

Later, sitting by the spidery covert-side, she felt a little comforted by the flame-tipped osiers and pungent smell of the damp spinney. There would always be hunting.

HER eyes rested for a second on a stranger in ratcatcher. A long, lean fellow, with a beak of a nose and a firm chin. His face was weathered and he rode his big chestnut

with the long stirrup-leathers of a plain-dweller. She was wondering whom he might be when the second whip at the far end of the covert " hollared," and pointed with his cap down wind as Huntsman Blews and hounds came crashing into the open.

" Go canny, Mrs. G.! " called Dr. Tom Leeson. " I don't want to be too busy ' patching,' with the weather as it is, and thrusters will pay dear to-day."

Geraldine saw the stranger's chestnut slip up at the stake and bind, and put his rider in the ditch.

" Not used to our fences," she decided, and fled the jump.

There was plenty of " grief " during the next ten minutes, and followers short of pluck and jumping powder commenced edging towards the lane ; but Geraldine did not deal in that sort of hunting even when take-offs and landings were like underdone batter pudding.

It was a scraggy three-year-old thorn which put her down. Her three-hundred-guinea safe-conveyance slid on to his nose in landing, and, falling awkwardly, Gerry knew she'd collected a broken collar-bone.

" Hang! " she gasped, and, still clinging to the reins, had scrambled to her feet when the ratcatcher-clad stranger came sailing over the fence, a dozen lengths to her left.

Seeing the spill, he pulled round and rode up.

" Hurt? " he asked brusquely.

" Collar-bone gone, I think," answered Geraldine, feeling the sweat break out on her upper lip with the pain.

The stranger slipped from his saddle, and, producing a brandy flask, handed it over.

" Take a pull at this, and then I'll strap you up with a stirrup-leather."

" Th-thanks," whispered Geraldine, and sat down suddenly.

The stranger's hands were quick and capable as he lifted the sagging shoulder and pressed a large silk handkerchief into position and, watching his face, Geraldine wondered at the grimness of his mouth.

" That better? " he asked presently, when he had strapped the arm firmly.

" Thanks so much, yes," smiled Geraldine. " Won't you go on now? My second-horse man will be along presently."

" Second-horse men have a trick of not turning up when wanted, if I remember the breed aright," growled the stranger, standing up. " I'll introduce myself and see you home."

" I think you've introduced yourself pretty thoroughly already," said Geraldine, feeling the man's brusque sincerity was tonic.

" My name's Lapwing. James Lapwing. And I've taken that little hunting-box, Hurcott, on the edge of Bruff Court Park. . . . I moved in last evening."

Geraldine's eyes brightened with interest.

" Then you are a tenant of mine," she said. " I am Mrs. Gough. We usually keep Hurcott for overflow guests, but, my husband being away this season, I'm not entertaining . . ."

" I see," said Lapwing, after a second's pause. " Let me help you to your horse."

Geraldine was conscious of a long-absent sense of well-being as Lapwing's strong arms lifted her to the saddle.

GERALDINE was annoyed when Lapwing neglected to call and inquire after her the following day. During the jog home she had realised that the man leading her horse was intriguingly recondite. There was an intensity about him which, coupled with his calm self-assurance, piqued and interested her.

On her first day out she called at Hurcott, ostensibly to return the silk handkerchief and proffer formal thanks for services rendered. Lapwing was on the hall-door steps, just going out, when she arrived.

" Glad to see you about again, Mrs. Gough," he said. " Leeson, the saw-bones, told me you were mending rapidly."

Pleased that he had evidently troubled to inquire, Geraldine laughed and handed over the handkerchief.

" I'm pretty tough," she said. " I hate lying up, anyway."

" Dull for a hunting woman at this time of year," murmured Lapwing.

The interchange was stiff, and Gerry decided to push things forward a bit.

" Why didn't you call and cheer me up? " she asked. " I've been bored to tears."

" Should I have helped? " smiled Lapwing.

" Oh, fresh faces and voices are always manna in the wilderness of one's own thoughts."

Lapwing nodded.

" It's bad to be lonely."

" It's hell," ejaculated Gerry. " Why are *you* alone? "

" I've just lost my wife," answered Lapwing softly, his eyes fixed on Geraldine.

" Oh! I'm sorry! " Swift compunction was in Gerry's voice, and with a twist Lapwing switched the conversation back to easy ground. When at length they parted, both knew they looked forward to their next meeting.

And during the next month the lady of Bruff Court and her tenant of Hurcott met frequently, mostly by chance, but once or twice Lapwing dropped into the Court for tea after a day with hounds. They invariably rode their conversation on the curb, but eyes tell more truths than tongues ever dare to, and presently each grew frightened.

IT was one cold February evening when Lapwing had jogged home with Geraldine after a long day that, sitting over a cup of tea in the oak-panelled lounge with its wide hearth, deep chairs, and soft lights, Gerry suddenly asked:

" Do you believe in running away from danger? "

Lapwing's lips twitched.

" Some dangers are too temptingly dangerous to face."

" Those are the kind I'm thinking of," murmured Geraldine, gazing into the fire.

The atmosphere of the lounge had become tense, and for a moment there was silence ; then Lapwing rose to his feet.

" If you'll forgive me, Mrs. Gough," he said, " I must pop off now. I've a letter to get away by the evening post."

And meanwhile General Rates was chatting over a whisky and soda with Dr. Leeson and Morden, the hunt secretary.

" Gerry Gough is finding consolation and distraction at last," said Rates, lighting a cigar. " That chap Lapwing is filling her eyes. . . . Serve that blighter Gough right if she flies the nest . . ."

" She won't do that," said Leeson. " But she's a brighter woman these days."

Morden gnawed at his red moustache.

" Some public-spirited rhino ought to horn Gough," he snapped.

" We all hope for the best for Gerry," growled Rates. " I don't know anything about this feller Lapwing, but from what I've seen of him I should say he would make a pretty good husband for any sporting widow."

BUT a week later Austin Gough turned up unexpectedly. Before the crowd knew he was back he was amongst them at the Lexborough Gorse meet. Geraldine performed the introduction to Lapwing with heroic gaiety, and the two men exchanged jerked-head greetings.

" Comfortable at Hurcott? " inquired Gough, eyeing Lapwing speculatively.

" Quite, thanks." Lapwing spoke stiffly.

" Like this country? "

" I've had good sport and hope for better," answered Lapwing. " Find plenty of game in Africa? "

" All sorts," nodded Gough. " My missus tells me you know that part of the world a bit."

" Slightly," admitted Lapwing, and paused . . .

" We must have a chow," rumbled Gough, and jogged his mount into motion after hounds moving towards the first draw.

IT was at the first check that Gough, having pulled away from the field in order to swig at his brandy flask in an effort to find his jumping courage, found Lapwing at his side again.

" Rough going making you regret your mis-spent past, Gough? " asked Lapwing.

Gough sagged in his saddle.

" African climate saps your nerve," he answered. " D'you know the Tonahto district? "

(*Continued on page 50*)

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THE CHEAT (continued from page 48)

Lapwing was watching Huntsman Blews making a wide cast, and decided the check would be a longish one.

"Up as far as the Lakafi Lands," he answered.

Gough screwed the stopper on to his flask and slipped it into his pocket.

"That's the place for all sorts of game, including pretty grass widows," he chuckled.

"Yes," said Lapwing; "a rumour of gold or diamonds always brings that tragic crop."

"There had been such a rumour just before we reached there on our way back," said Gough. "The men had all gone, and the women left to watch and pray."

"Nicely stocked covert for a catholic-minded sportsman like you," murmured Lapwing. "How many hearts did you bag?"

Gough glanced at Lapwing slily.

"I drew a blank," he answered with a chuckle. "Wasn't my fault, though . . . There was a girl, a regular peach . . . Hadn't been out long enough for her complexion and modesty to get fly-blown. Her husband had got off first for some rumoured diamond lands, and was six weeks overdue. Several others had started later, and news had come that they'd fed the vultures; but this girl kept on waiting . . . I gave her sympathy and advice, and finally suggested that she faced the obvious fact that her husband was dead, and came down to the coast with me . . ."

"Did she agree?" asked Lapwing as Gough paused.

"Not until I had squared a native boy to spin a yarn of how Tenterton—that was her name, Angela Tenterton—had died of sunstroke a day's march from the rich land . . . You see, it was sheer waste of beauty to leave that girl up in the wilds . . . Eventually she consented to accept my protection down to the coast."

"No doubt she would be very grateful," said Lapwing.

Gough snorted.

"She was always saying she was," he sniggered. "But she insisted on treating me like a father or a damned saint . . ."

"How did it end?" Lapwing's voice was little above a whisper.

"Oh, I lost patience!" said Gough, a touch of irritation in his voice. "We were in the heart of the bush, just she and I and the bearers, and, well, when I showed my hand she bolted from the camp in the small hours before dawn . . . A lion got her . . ."

In the distance a hound owned to the scent, and, looking up, Lapwing saw they were striking a slow line to the right. His face was rigid, and, swinging into his saddle, he brought his horse close to Gough, his eyes narrowed, his jaw tense.

"Thank you for your confession, Gough," he said. "Now I *know* you killed my wife!"

As though struck, Gough flung back in his saddle, his mouth agape, his eyes wide with horror and alarm . . .

"*Your* wife?" he gasped. "What the blazes are you talking about? . . . Your name is . . ."

"James Lapwing Tenterton! . . . I docked the tail, so that when you heard I was here you wouldn't stampede. I wanted to make quite sure of *my* game!"

"Your game?" growled Gough. "What are you going to do?"

"I planned to kill you," answered Tenterton, his voice deadly calm. "I reached Tonahto a week after you'd left, and heard the story from one of your bearers later. So I returned to England to wait for you to return to your wife, so that I could kill you on her doorstep. . . ."

"That's a threat!" exclaimed Gough. "You daren't do it."

"I dare," rasped Tenterton. "But for the sake of your wife's dignity I've decided to give you a chance of going out clean. . . . There's not room for you and me in the same world, and so we'll leave it to chance to decide which of us leaves it."

"What the devil are you driving at?" Gough's voice was hard and fear-streaked.

"Just this," said Tenterton. "Hounds are three fields away, and travelling fast. . . . We'll make a race of it, and the one of us who loses goes away and shoots himself within twelve hours. . . ."

"You're mad," blustered Gough. "I won't do it."

"If you don't," said Tenterton, "I'll brand you as the murderer of a girl who trusted you. . . . I'll make your name stink in the nostrils of decent men. . . ."

Gough saw the implacable fury in Tenterton's face; and, being a cheat by nature, decided to pretend to agree, and then trick himself into safety somehow.

"Have it your own way!" he cried, and clapping spurs to his horse fled forward.

Tenterton followed grimly. He knew that Gough was better mounted than he was, and probably a better man across country, but it's nerve which tells in an affair of this sort, and he backed his pluck against this seducer of women.

Gough had stolen a hundred yards start, but by the time they reached the cut-and-laid hedge at the bottom end of the field they were close together, and Tenterton's chestnut rose to the fence as Gough's black landed.

Hounds, having swung to the right, could be seen on the rising ground a mile ahead, and together the two men, fear in the heart of the one, icy fury in the brain of the other, rode for the bullfinch immediately in front of them.

They reached it almost abreast, and crashing through the hairy leaders side by side, bent over their horse's necks urging them to their top note of speed.

Before them lay Durham Down, as full of rabbit-burrows as a sponge is of holes; but seeing Tenterton's grim face Gough found craven's courage, and spurred his animal over the death-trap.

Over the thorn into the next field, down the slippery water meadows to the Bruff stream, up and over the ploughed high lands, they rode almost neck to neck. Every misused and neglected muscle in Gough's body was aching, his face was drenched with sweat, his hands heavy on the reins. His heart was beating chokingly in his throat, and when ahead he saw the father and mother of all fences, a double oxer with stout guard-rail, his courage failed him.

He knew, as though he could already feel the thud and crash, that he would come down over that terrible jump, and his agile brain, the furtive, adroit brain of a cheat, sought a way out.

Tenterton was three lengths to the right, approaching the fence at steeplechasing speed; and, acting on a foul inspiration to put his rival out, Gough abruptly pulled his horse sideways, and in the moment of Tenterton's taking-off rode at him.

But he had left it too late. The black, misunderstanding what was wanted of him, jumped at the fence sideways, and touching the chestnut's quarters lost his balance in mid-air. The chestnut pecked on landing, but recovered just as Gough and his black came crashing to the ground in a heap.

It was a hair-raising crump; and reining up Tenterton looked grimly at horse and man. The black rose trembling and limping; but Gough lay still.

Riding up and dismounting Tenterton looked down at his enemy's body. It needed only one glance at the position of Gough's neck to see what had happened.

The cheat had paid the final price of his cheating!

The only other person who knows the inner facts of Austin Gough's death is Geraldine. Tenterton told her details twelve months later; the day she promised to become his wife.

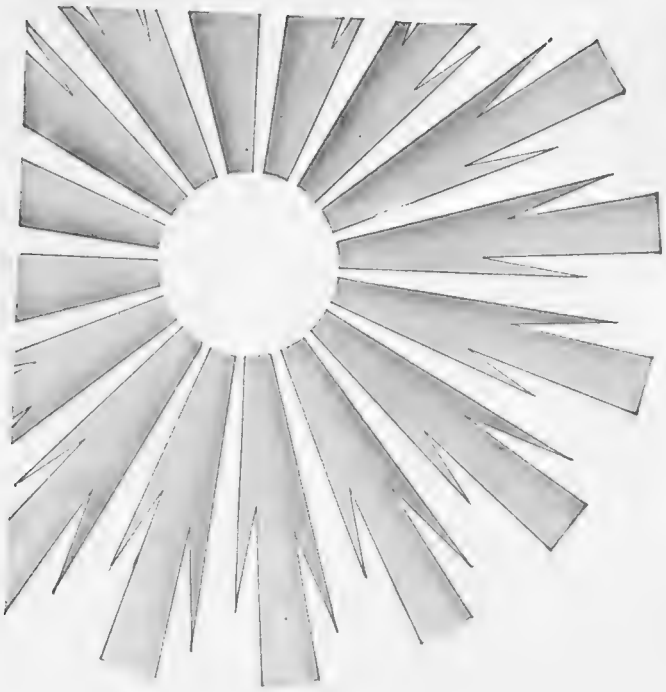
E. W.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN—

Is to know exactly what are the dictates of Dame Fashion for the Autumn, and that dream can be realised easily and satisfactorily by turning to page 22 of this issue and reading what the famous fashion expert, Miss Blanche B. Elliott, says concerning the latest modes. In addition, a

SPECIAL DRESS SUPPLEMENT
of the
NEW SEASON'S FASHIONS

is to be found on pages xiii to xvi



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"Jew Süss places him . . . nearest the tradition of Irving"

MATHESON LANG WINS THROUGH

By HANNEN SWAFFER

Illustrated by NORMAN KAY

MATHESON LANG has at last come into his own.

Jew Süss places him definitely at the top of the profession, in the sense, I mean, that he has now proved that he, of all English actors, is the one nearest the tradition of Irving and Tree.

Modern comedy is all very well, but until a player has proved his talent in tragedy he has not reached the height of achievement. Unless he has played Hamlet and Shylock, Othello and Macbeth, you have no standard of comparison. Matheson Lang has done it all. He has played tragedy all round the British Empire.

It is greatly to Lang's credit that he acquired *Jew Süss* even before it was a famous book. When he had been acting for the first time in his native Canada, where he was born, in Montreal, fifty years ago, he went down to New York for a visit, and there met Elizabeth Marbury, the best-known playbroker in the world, and a woman who, after many adventures with playwrights, has recently shown herself as a Democratic politician.

She suggested that he should buy the rights of a book called "Power," which was then almost unknown. Lang read it, bought the world rights, and then found that, owing to Arnold Bennett's championship of the book when it was re-issued under the title of "Jew Süss," he had a property worth much more than it was when he bought it.

ASHLEY DUKES, who had gone to Blackpool to rewrite a scene in *Such Men are Dangerous,* took on the difficult task of adaptation, for he had to turn 400 pages of descriptive words into sharp, terse dialogue. This, after great trouble, he did, reading the book once, then giving it away, and then writing from memory.

As a result, while *Jew Süss* the play is not *Jew Süss* the book, it summarises in five scenes the dramatic story of a Jew who, in the middle of the eighteenth century, forced his way into power in a small German court and then, brutal and domineering, became a self-chosen victim to the plot in which, to obtain revenge, he involved the Duke whom he had served and dominated.

WE are often told that tragedy does not pay. Matheson Lang's career disproves that, for all the plays in which he has made his chief successes—*Mr. Wu, The Wandering Jew, Such Men are Dangerous,* and *Jew Süss*—end with the death of the leading character, which he has played himself. Both *Blood and Sand* and *Carnival,* which helped to build up Lang's popularity, ended in a death.

THERE is none of the actor-manager stuff really about Lang. He goes on tour like a tramper, year after year. He is the only actor who always plays to "capacity" on tour. That is why he has achieved not only fame but fortune; this, too, in spite of the fact that, when he left his father's home to go upon the stage, he started with £5 in his pocket, and even saved enough to back himself, which he has always done. His successful management has been built up with no outside aid.

Although Lang takes himself seriously, he is a modest man. He likes to see himself in the papers, but he does not inspire or seek publicity. In fact, like Owen Nares, he hates being interviewed.

Jew Süss has many claims to distinction. Its first night was what is called an occasion. Indeed, when Leslie Bloom, President of the Gallery First Nights Club, saw the waiting queue, which had been there for nearly thirty hours, he remarked, with surprise, that they were regular playgoers, and that obviously none of them had been paid to wait!

Many of the queues you see outside musical comedies on first nights are given their seats by the stars or are paid to wait there by the management. *Jew Süss* did nothing of the kind, although the management found the food—three meals, in fact.

Lord Reading was one of the many scores of Jews inside the theatre. It was a Jewish subject, and very largely a Jewish audience.

A large crowd stood opposite the theatre to watch the more fortunate folk arrive and, so overwhelming was the reception, both by the public and the Press, that the first fourteen rows of stalls were immediately sold for twelve weeks, and a run of nearly a year was, to my mind, a certainty.

TWO years ago our theatre was being Americanised every hour. Every manager was rushing to New York. Now it is safe to say that the eight most successful plays in London are all of British origin.

Indeed, it is something of a triumph for an English author like Ashley Dukes to take from Germany a novel that was originally written as a play and sell it back to Germany as a play even before it was produced.

Jew Süss has an all-English cast and, so acute was Mrs. Lang's judgment, that when she saw Peggy Ashcroft acting in *One Hundred Years Old* at the Lyric, Hammersmith, she obtained for her, in her husband's next play, the leading female part—that of a young Jewess who loses her life when pursued by the Duke's attentions and, by so doing, changes the whole course of her father's fortune, for, instead of power he seeks, in consequence, only revenge.

Miss Ashcroft not only looks very beautiful, but she has a splendid speaking voice, and a delicate charm of her own.

(Continued on page 54)

"Two years ago our theatre was being Americanised every hour. Every manager was rushing to New York"

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MATHESON LANG WINS THROUGH (*continued from page 52*)

"Many of the queues you see outside musical comedies on first nights are given their seats by the stars or are paid to wait there by the management"

THERE are, indeed, in *Jew Süss* at least a score of well-acted parts. Scarcely anyone could be criticised, while the colour of the setting and the magnificence of two of the scenes make it a "show" as well as a moving drama.

Lang's own contribution is his dominating personality in the leading rôle. There is always something fascinating about a Jew who achieves high position either in finance or in politics. That is the glamour that surrounds the memory of Disraeli, and makes the Rothschilds talked about still. Had they been Christians we should probably never have heard of them.

For that reason we still remember Tree in *Business is Business*. The whole point of *The Wandering Jew* is that he was a Jew. Besides, these plays always attract thousands of Jews to see them, and, without Jewish supporters, neither the Theatre nor Music could exist in London or New York.

STILL, all this is by the way. The fact remains that *Jew Süss* has put Lang where, for years, I have expected him soon to be—in the forefront of the acting profession. His part gives him every opportunity of using in a most moving scene, that in which he discovers his daughter dead, the sombre qualities of his fine voice. It allows him to show subtlety and cunning, and the workings of a brain behind a mask, while right at the end there comes one of those bits of quiet tragedy in which Lang delights.

That quiet ending spoiled the first night reception. You know how you get applause when you are acting or speaking. You raise your voice and shout, that is unless you can smash a chair. When there is a quiet end the audience waits a minute. Still, then came the enthusiasm from the gallery, and Lang was already counting on a year's run.

I CAN remember Lang when, twenty years ago or so, he was playing Romeo to Norah Kerin's Juliet at the Lyceum. I can remember shocking failures like *The Hour and the Man*, when he played a sort of English Mussolini which only made us laugh; but, looking back on a long career, I can remember nothing unworthy, no self-advertisement, no over-statement, no "showmanship," but just patient, hard work. He has won through on his merits as an actor and as a man.

And if his chief successes have usually had a sex scene, a rape or a seduction, well, as Lang's cousin is the Archbishop of Canterbury, it cannot be very wrong, I suppose. H. S.

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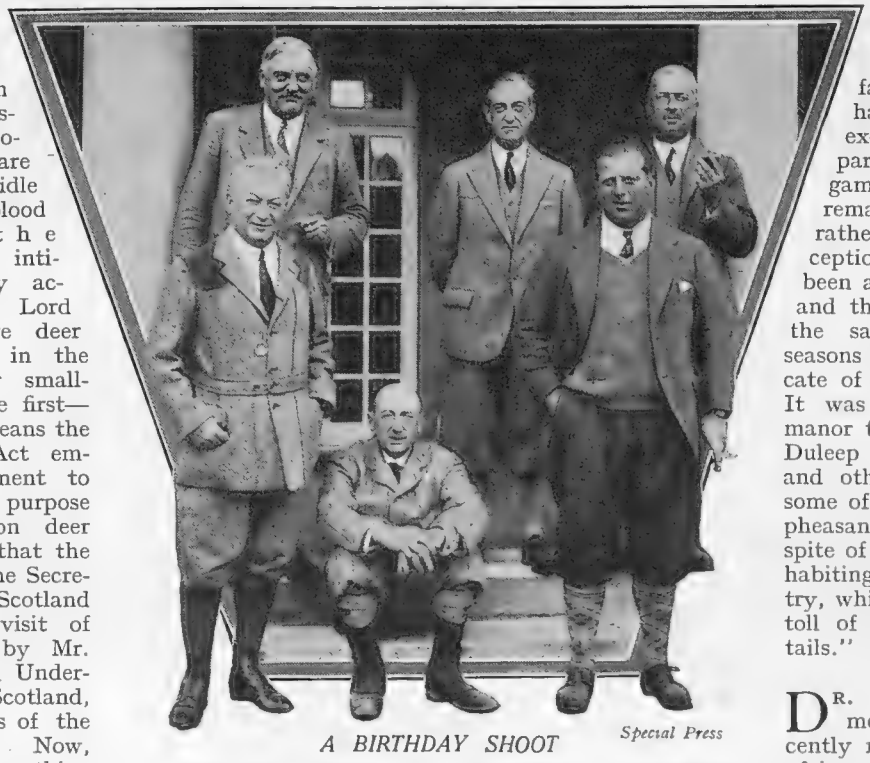
SHOOTING NOTES

A SHOOTING MEDLEY

By "CLODHOPPER"

THE Socialist powers that be have not lost a vast amount of time in giving a remarkable display of crass ignorance toward those whom they are pleased to call the "idle rich" and their "blood sports." Briefly, the Government has just intimated the compulsory acquisition of the late Lord Leverhulme's 6,000-acre deer forest of Luskentyre, in the Island of Harris, for small-holdings. This is the first—but, probably, by no means the last—time that the Act empowering the Government to acquire land for this purpose has been exercised on deer forests. I understand that the action on the part of the Secretary of State for Scotland follows upon a recent visit of inspection to Harris by Mr. Thomas Johnston, the Under-Secretary of State for Scotland, accompanied by officials of the Board of Agriculture. Now, personally, I know nothing about the agricultural possibilities of the Scottish islet in question, beyond that it produces an excellent hard wearing tweed from which a part of my modest sporting kit is made. If, however, the Forest of Luskentyre possesses the same impossible demerits agriculturally as those which obtain in practically every other Scottish deer forest, then God help the small-holders who attempt to cultivate Luskentyre's arid sanctuary of wild red deer and semi-wild sheep. Might such a humble devotee of "bloodsports," as myself, I wonder, suggest that the Secretary for Scotland would, before proceeding further towards the compulsory acquisition of Luskentyre, be well advised in carefully reading marking, learning, and inwardly digesting the very wise and in this case eminently applicable biblical parable of The Sower, excluding, of course, the reference to the seed which fell on good ground, for there is no good ground for seeds to fall upon in a Scottish deer forest. Does this compulsory purchase stunt represent the thin end of the wedge with which the Socialist extremists would—if they could—uproot and destroy every branch of clean and healthful English field-sport?



A BIRTHDAY SHOOT *Special Press*

Colonel Grant Morden, M.P., with members of the birthday shooting party he gave at Heatherden Hall. The group comprises—Front row: Colonel Grant Morden (left), Lord Gisborough and Lord Tennyson. Back row: Colonel the Hon. Cuthbert James, M.P. (left), Mr. Bertrand L. Clarke and Mr. Forrester Clayton, J.P.

ALTHOUGH according to the game laws and ancient sporting tradition pheasant shooting opened yesterday (October 1), covert-shooting will not commence for a considerable time yet, not, in fact, until the leaf is off in the woodlands, and the beaters are able to walk in line through what is at present blind and, in some coverts, almost impenetrable undercovert. Still, some of us were sufficiently old-fashioned in our sporting ideas to celebrate the time-honoured custom of shooting hedgerow pheasants on the First, with a genial friend and a brace of steady and well trained spaniels, round the "outsides." And there is a certain charm attached to hedgerow pheasant shooting on a crisp October morning, especially to a lover of Nature. At this season of the year the countryside is passing beautiful, and the rich autumnal tints of tree and shrub, brake and bracken, appeal to the artistic sense which is—or should be—inherent in every true naturalist-sportsman. Then, again, one never can tell what may be pushed up by the dogs from the dense undergrowth of the double-hedgerows and the strips of plantings which so often obtain on the outskirts of the coverts. The unexpected may take the form of a nide of pheasants, a covey of partridges, a skulking old "red leg," or, should an oozy spring run between the growers of the "double," that much coveted prize, a home-bred woodcock even. Rabbits and, not infrequently, a hare, almost invariably find their way into the October pheasant-shooter's bag.

SO far little or no partridge driving has been done on any of the more important estates. The prospects for October and onwards on the principal Midland and East Anglian manors, however, are decidedly promising. The corn is now carried, and one is therefore able to form a fairly approximate estimate of the number and strength of the coveys on the stubbles. On the late Earl of Carnarvon's famous estate near Bingham, Notts, there is an excellent head of both partridges and ground game, and good coveys of remarkably strong birds are rather the rule than the exception. This estate has been acquired by the Crown, and the sporting rights upon the same have for several seasons been leased by a syndicate of Nottingham sportsmen. It was on this well-favoured manor that the late Maharajah Duleep Singh, Earl de Grey, and other famous shots made some of their noted bags. Wild pheasants are fairly plentiful in spite of the number of foxes inhabiting the South Notts country, which no doubt have taken toll of those hedgerow "long-tails."

DR. CHARCOT, the French meteorologist, who recently returned from a voyage of investigation in the Icelandic regions, predicts a severe winter. He states that icebergs and floes in considerable numbers were observed much further south than usual during his voyage, and this is seemingly an almost infallible indication of hard weather throughout Northern and Central Europe. As though to bear out this theory I have received a report from a wildfowling friend who resides on the shores of the Humber that a small gaggle of pink-footed geese was seen on the Yorkshire Wolds during August last; while grey geese—presumably of the pink-footed species—were on the Humber and the Holkham marshes, Norfolk, early in September.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

SECOND-HAND GUNS—EXAMINE THE EXTRACTORS.

AT this time of year the unwise virgins amongst shooters are making frantic searches amongst second-hand guns to find one of particular style and dimensions. There are many pitfalls, but I have noticed that one serious blemish has been greatly on the increase during recent years. Gunmakers long ago standardised chamber sizes, though some of them have been woefully unsuccessful in cutting the little groove or ledge that takes the rim of the cartridge case. On its perfect shape depends ejection, also tightly holding the head of the case up against the striker blow. When the countersink is wrong there is no remedy but new barrels. Many a fine-looking gun for this reason passes quickly from hand to hand, with disappointment and loss to each owner in turn. The rim recess should be as sharply cut and as squarely shaped as a stone step fresh from the mason's chisel, with only the slightest filling of the inside angle. A bad shape resembles nothing so much as one of the steps in an ancient ruin, worn into curves by long dead generations. Beware of slipping; in the corresponding instance of the gun it is the fired case that is apt to "slip the extractor," with poor ignition besides. The extended extractor offers a perfect sectional view of the rim recess. Don't have one with a sloping "step."

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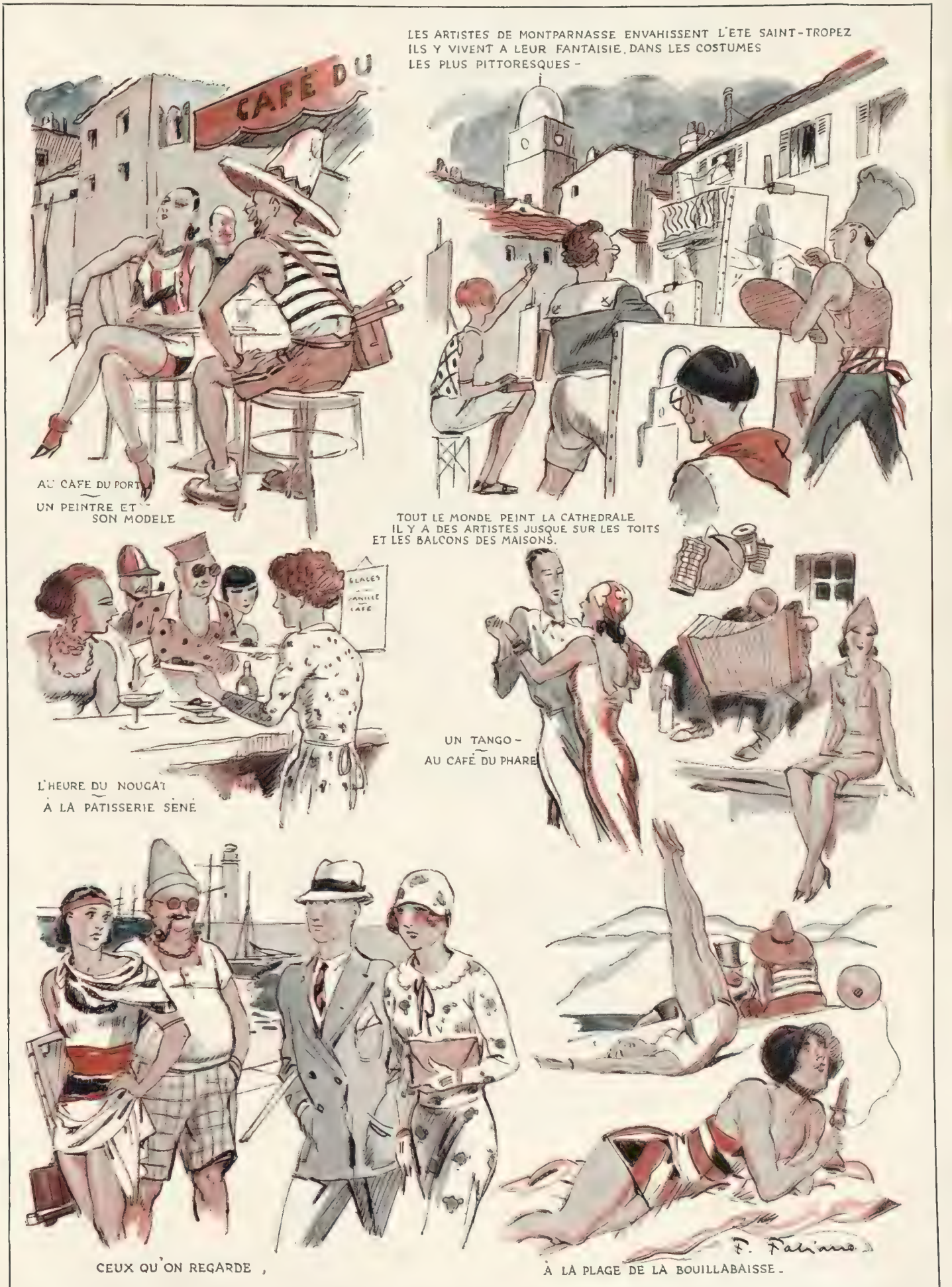

Fabiano portrays some of the sights—human and otherwise—to be met with in the little fishing village of Saint-Tropez. During the summer this quiet spot on the Côte d'Azur is invaded by many of the inhabitants of Montparnasse, who forsake their studios for a spell to bathe, dance—and, of course, paint—under the blue Mediterranean skies

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

A FASCINATING MYSTERY

THE DUCHESSE D'ANGOULÊME *PRINCESS MARIE THÉRÈSE CHARLOTTE*

Herr O. V. Maeckel in "The Dunkelgraf Mystery" (Hutchinson, 21s.) attempts to prove that the girl who became the Duchesse d'Angoulême was not the Princess Marie Thérèse Charlotte (who, he says, died in close seclusion) but another girl who was substituted for her during a journey to Bâle

By
RALPH STRAUS

FIRST-CLASS historical mysteries are rare. I know of less than half a dozen which still continue to baffle the experts. To these, however, must now be added another—*The Dunkelgraf Mystery* (Hutchinson: 21s.), which a German writer, Herr O. V. Maeckel, retails with the collaboration of Mrs. Aubrey le Blond. Rather an expensive book, perhaps, in spite of all its illustrations, but only 500 copies have been printed, which, in view of its unusual interest, certainly strikes me as being a little surprising. What is much more surprising, however, is the fact that such an extraordinary affair could have remained for so long a time wholly unknown to the great majority in this country.

❋

WHO, or what, you wonder, was the Dunkelgraf, and what constituted the mystery? The main facts are simple. At the beginning of the nineteenth century there arrived in Eishausen, a village in Germany, a mysterious couple—a man and a woman. Previously they had stayed for a short while in two neighbouring towns, but in Eishausen they lived in the same big house for twenty years or more, and under the most astounding conditions. No visitors were ever admitted, and, except on one occasion, nobody besides the gentleman—not even her own servants—ever saw the lady's face. The big house became a curious kind of prison. The lady died in the 'thirties; the man lived on in the same seclusion until 1845. Locally they were known as the Count and the Countess, but they were not married. They were not even lovers. He was the Dunkelgraf, or guardian, but—who was the lady?

❋

SHE was somebody of importance. The neighbouring royalties knew enough about her to see that she was never disturbed, and when awkward questions were asked—as, for instance, at the time of her death—the royalties saw to it that they were not asked twice. And the Count was obviously a man of means. He might be almost a hermit, but it is not questioned that he looked after the poor people about him. They liked him, and respected his desire for extreme privacy.

MISS G. B. STERN

whose new novel, "Petruchio" (Chapman and Hall), is reviewed in this number

YET after his death rumours arose to the effect that he had not been the honourable gentleman he had been thought to be. It was suggested that he had kept the poor woman a prisoner against her will. At the same time he had his defenders, and they rushed into print. A mystery arose, "investigators" made their appearance, and propounded their theories. The Count and the lady became the hero and heroine of a novel. Old papers were discovered, and a portion, at any rate, of the Count's closely-guarded secret was laid bare. But—who was the lady?

❋

WELL, there is no possible doubt about the Count himself. He was a Dutchman called Leonardus Cornelius van der Valck, and he was one of the most honourable men who ever lived. He sacrificed everything for the lady. More, he took the utmost pains to preserve her anonymity not only during his lifetime but for ever. Why? What secret could have been of such paramount importance that it must *never* be discovered?

❋

I HAVE no intention of detailing the story of Herr Maeckel's meticulous investigation of this problem, but his explanation is sufficiently startling. He attempts to show, indeed, that the lady was none other than Madame Royale, the Princess Marie Thérèse Charlotte, daughter of the ill-fated Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. But—surely, you say, that lady became the well-known Duchesse d'Angoulême! History certainly says so. But is history right? Herr Maeckel is convinced to the contrary. He believes that when in 1795 the chargé d'affaires of the French Government handed over the Princess to the Austrian Ambassador at Bâle, a substitution was effected. A girl resembling the Princess continued the journey; the Princess herself was spirited away. Why? A political intrigue? No. Because the Princess wished to fly for all time from a life amongst the great ones which had brought her to such misery.

❋

THOSE substitutions! What a god-send they are to the mystery-monger! And how delightfully far-fetched they can be. I confess that I was inclined to smile when I realised what Herr Maeckel's main plank would be. And yet, you know, he builds up his case so quietly and with such caution that you soon cease to smile and find yourself not only wanting to believe but actually believing! Little pieces fit in with one another to form the most cunning mosaic. A sentence from a book here; a word or two from a letter there—trivial in themselves, and yet when brought together distinctly curious. Very curious indeed.

❋

YOU look at the portraits of the Princess and the Duchess. The same woman? Portraits, of course, are not always truthful, particularly when Royal ladies are the sitters, but—do noses and mouths change their shapes? You compare their handwriting. Totally different. Their characters, as recorded by contemporary writers? Curiously unlike. It is all very odd and exciting. You persuade yourself that Mrs. le Blond and Herr Maeckel must be right.

❋

AND then, of course, you begin to weigh things up. Even those absurd Baconians can be delightfully persuasive—until you hear the other side. Is not Herr Maeckel just a little too romantic? His case is ingeniously presented, but not all the links in the chain are there. What, for instance, was happening between 1795 when the Princess was in Bâle and 1803 when the Count arrived in Würtemberg with the mysterious lady? Why should the Dutchman, Van der Valck, have become her guardian? Who was the girl who masqueraded as the Princess, and had she no relations to make trouble?

❋

BUT I have said enough. No first-class historical mystery ought ever to be finally solved. It should be

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued)

permitted to go through the ages, enticing inquisitive folk to propound new and ever more curious theories, and to uncover new and ever more startling evidence. And Mrs. le Blond (who has her own reasons for being interested) and Herr Maeckel are still at work on the problem. They invite your co-operation. They have certainly earned your gratitude, for whatever you may think of their theory you cannot fail to be fascinated by their book.

❋

So much for this curious business. There is another book, full of mysteries of a kind, which is equally fascinating. This is *The Life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Edward Marjoribanks, who now sits in Parliament for Eastbourne. The book is quite unusually well done. Marshall Hall was an extraordinary man who had an extraordinary life. He made his mistakes, but he had his triumphs, and he was very much more than a clever advocate.

❋

Trials, even murder trials, can become a little tiresome when taken in bulk, but it generally happens that when they are reported in the newspapers the most dramatic tit-bits are not printed. So it was often enough with Marshall Hall. Mr. Marjoribanks, however, has had access to all the private papers, and here you have all the best tit-bits revealed at last.

❋

But there is, of course, very much more than a succession of tit-bits—there is a very finely drawn and most human portrait of a lovable man. It would have been easy to string together a few "sensations," season them with a little correspondence, and let the cases speak for themselves. Here, however, is a piece of work which is not only most dramatic and moving, but a biography of real literary worth.

❋

My novel list this week must of necessity be short. I thoroughly enjoyed Miss G. B. Stern's *Petruchio* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.*), which is a refreshingly novel and most frolicsome rendering of the taming of a shrew—in this case an Italian peasant who marries her Englishman and has not a notion of what is in store for her when he begins to understand what Italian peasant girls are like. This is a really delightful story, but I was disappointed with another novel with an Italian setting—*Black Roses,* by Francis Brett Young (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*). Here, I admit, there is a dramatic story, staged in the cholera-stricken Naples of forty years ago, but it seemed to me to be rather too true to type, and I was never particularly thrilled.

❋

There are also two curious stories of convent and monastery life. *Celestial Seraglio* (Jarrolds: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Olive Moore, will probably make some people angry. It is a series—a little too disjointed, perhaps—of not very inviting pictures of a girls' school in a foreign convent. I dare say they are not too exaggerated. I did not find them more than mildly interesting, but they are by no means without literary merit. The other book is *The God Who Didn't Laugh* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Gleb Botkin, a Russian writing in the American language. This is an uncomfortable but queerly exciting book about a youngster who wanted to become a monk, but changed his mind when he had had some experience of monastic life. I do not blame him.

R. S.

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

The many thousands who have read *Jew Suss* will welcome *The Amorous Adventures of Augustus of Saxony,* by Carl Ludwig von Pollnitz. We are informed by the publishers that this polite chronicle of the scandalous life of Frederick-Augustus is one of the curiosities of eighteenth-century literature, and if not always reliable it is quaint and amusing, giving us a vivid picture of the cheerful vulgarity of the world of *Jew Suss* as seen by a contemporary. Allen and Unwin are the publishers.

❋

Sent to Coventry is the title of a new book for children published by Dents. In this humorous fantasia "Coventry" is a real place whither the little boy, whose travels the reader follows, is sent for the usual reason that one is sent there. The extraordinary happenings there and the droll characters encountered make this a delightful book full of lively invention and wit.

❋

Shinju, by H. B. Drake, just published by John Lane, is a story of Japan—not the Japan of Puccini or of Hollywood, or even of Loti, but the Japan of religious mysticism, of traditions upheld to the death, of an outlook which is now gay, now utterly tragic. Mr. Drake, who has just returned to England after a long stay in Japan, has here written the love story of a Japanese girl. There are many descriptions of Japanese scenery and manners in the wild and unfrequented interior.

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21-piece Tea Service	3	1	0
29-piece Breakfast Service ..	5	2	9

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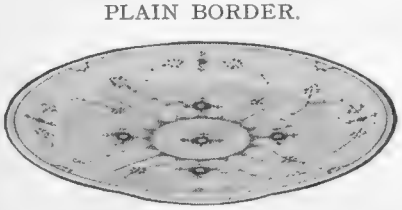

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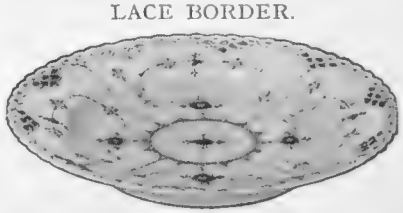

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Pudding Plate	0	8	0
Cheese Plate	0	7	0
26-piece Dinner Service	13	17	0
64-piece Dinner Service	37	10	0

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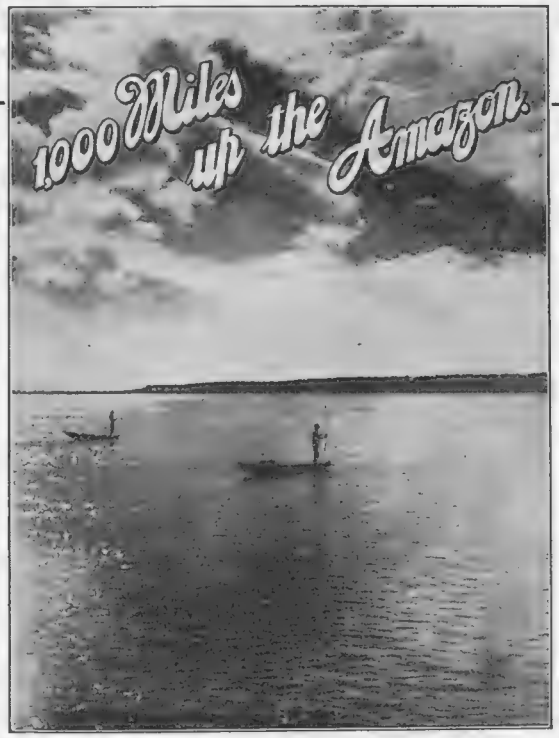

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ROAST HAUNCH OF VENISON.
CREAMED BEANS.

PEAR BRITANNIA.

CHEESE CRAB.

COFFEE. LIQUEURS.

Oyster Croquettes

BEARD two dozen large cooking oysters, drain them on a cloth, chop them and mix well in a basin with ½ lb. of breadcrumbs, 2 oz. of butter, two tablespoonfuls of white sauce, pepper, cayenne and a little lemon-juice. Stir over a slow fire to get warm through, then spread on a plate to cool. Shape the mixture into small cork shapes, cover with egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in boiling fat. Drain well, garnish with fried parsley, and serve very hot.

MENU

Saumon d'Ecosse Fumé
Caviar d'Astrakan

Consommé Sarah Bernhardt

Délice de Sole à l'Armoricaine

Jeune Perdreau sur Canapé
Haricots Verts au Beurre
Pommes Chips

Salade Japonaise

Poire Surprise Kit-Cat
Corbeille de Friandises

22 Septembre. 1929.

The menu of a guinea dinner served at the Kit-Cat Restaurant. It has been signed by the Maître d'Hôtel

Roast Haunch of Venison

UNLESS the weather is very warm a haunch of venison may be hung for ten days. Flour it well and sprinkle it over with pepper. Take it down every day and wipe it quite dry. Wash it well before cooking, and dry with a cloth. Cover it with a sheet of buttered paper, then a flour-and-water paste about half an inch thick, and then another sheet of greased paper; tie on firmly with tape. Baste it well with plenty of dripping, and baste constantly all the time it is cooking. Half an hour before it is done remove the paper and paste, dredge the joint with flour, and baste well with butter until it is nicely frothed. Serve its own gravy with the haunch, and red-currant jelly.

Pear Britannia

PLACE ice-cream on a dish, and on top place a cold cooked pear. Pour over some beaten cream treated with raspberry sauce. Serve with grated chocolate. The above recipe is taken from the Book of Empire Dinners, and is supplied by M. Debrach, Chef de Cuisine at the North British Hotel, Edinburgh.

Cheese Crab

TAKE about 2 oz. of grated cheese, ½ oz. of butter, a small teaspoonful of made mustard, and the same quantity of anchovy paste, a little pepper. Mash all well together with a silver fork and put into small china shells. Decorate with parsley and serve with thin slices of toast.

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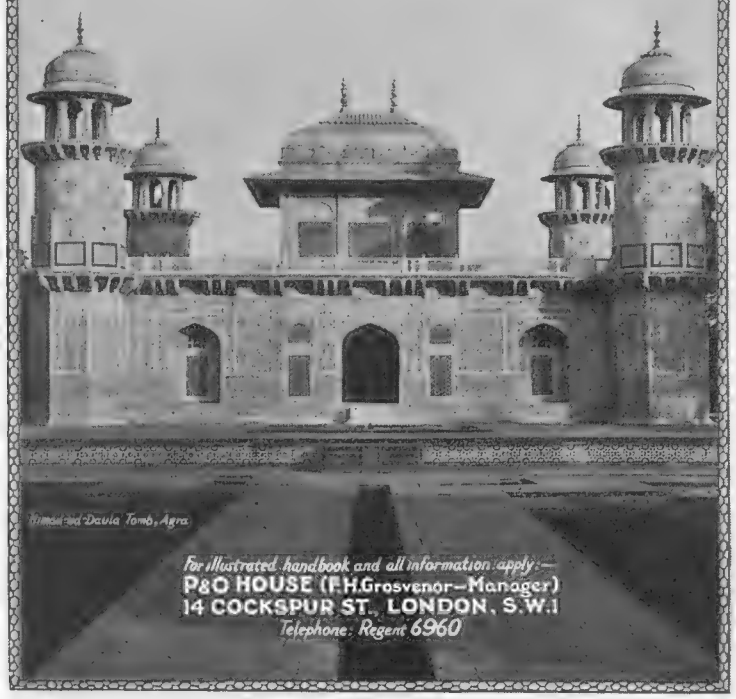

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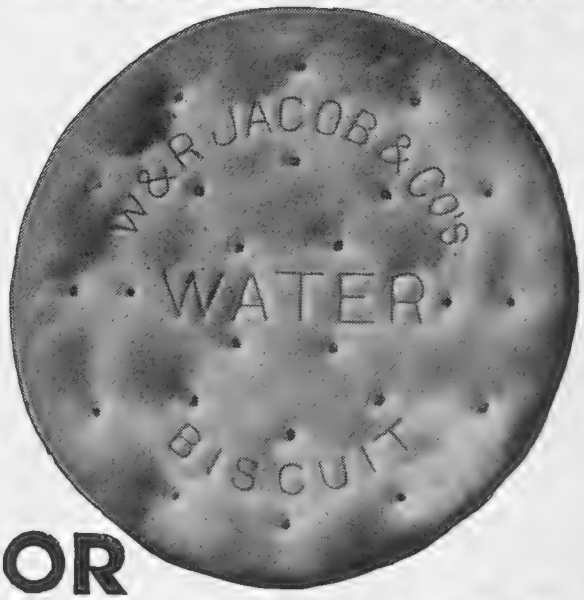

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DOGS

SEE YOU AT THE PALACE!

By "THE KENNELMAN"

DOGGY folk are certainly being kept very much on the fore part of the feet. This week starts pheasant shooting, so the Gun-Dogs will be busier than ever. Last Saturday marked the end of a wonderfully successful second National Dog Week. (Heartiest congratulations to the Council and to Capt. Hobbs!) And Wednesday of next week brings the opening at the Crystal Palace of the most important and interesting Dog Show in the world: the Kennel Club's 68th Annual Exhibition. Last year's broke previous records, but nearly a hundred additional classes have been provided for this year, and dog-lovers who fail to turn up at the Palace next Wednesday will miss a very absorbing spectacle; the best tamasha of its kind ever known.

MR. H. T. W. BOWELL, the Secretary of the Kennel Club, has well earned the congratulations he is getting on a well-nigh perfect piece of organisation. Messrs. Spillers have beaten their own fine records in the provision of benching and feeding and arrangements for the physical well-being of the exhibits in this wonderful gathering of all our finest Dogs. And students of Dogs from a score of other countries and all parts of our own are already applying for admission tickets for the two-day feast, a function at which amateurs and beginners can pick up more valuable knowledge and understanding than can otherwise be had in a twelvemonth.

Central Press

Durand Della, owned by Mr. J. Dunman. This Yorkshire Terrier, which is valued at £1,000, was the smallest dog to be shown at the Crystal Palace Toy Dog Show

DUE preparation has been made for the extra rush expected next week at the Dog Crèche attached to the new Piccadilly Circus motor garage in Denman Street. There are many motorists now who always have a Dog or two in the car with them, and on jaunts to Town, for shopping, matinées, shows, and the like, the disposal of the canine passenger has been a bit of a problem. Now they've their own comfortable club at the Garage; trained veterinary attendants, meals, exercise and rest quarters, all of the best, with perfect safety and security; the whole under really expert management. Well, we've nearly four million Dogs in the country, and sixty thousand of the pedigree sorts being registered each year. The best of pals and companions, they're worth providing for. It's interesting to note that the French are starting a "Club du Fretille-Queue" on the model of our own Tail-Waggers' Club. And this year the Dog Owners' Club in Hyde Park Place has progressed.

WHEN are we to have that Annual Register of the most outstanding Dog deeds in the way of life-saving and the like? This summer's long list was notably added to by the Dog who saved the lives of Sir John Bayley and his household at Torquay by his determined warning of the fire which came so near destroying them.

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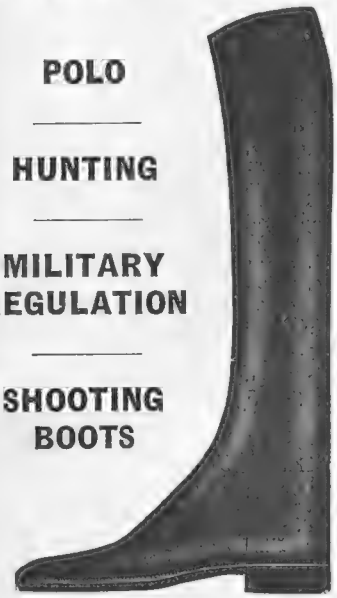

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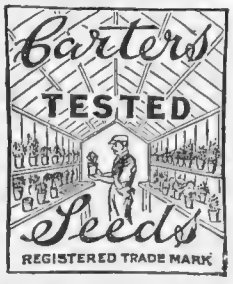

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to ensure prompt attention

The "Exeter"

only weighs 10 lbs. and is easily portable. It consumes 2 units per hour, reducible to 1 unit. Price £2. 2. 0.

By Appointment Ironfounders to H.M. The King.

FOR THE MUSIC LESSON

No longer need the daily exercise be shirked. Numbed fingers become warm and supple if the room is heated with a Carron Electric Fire. No trouble—a touch of the switch does it.

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WELCOME WARMTH AT WILL!

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Made from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe black currants they are delightfully soothing.

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

Your Chemist sells them

8° & 1/3 Per Box

HALFORD'S CURRY POWDER

MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.

Why go Grey?

HINDES' HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical Certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers.

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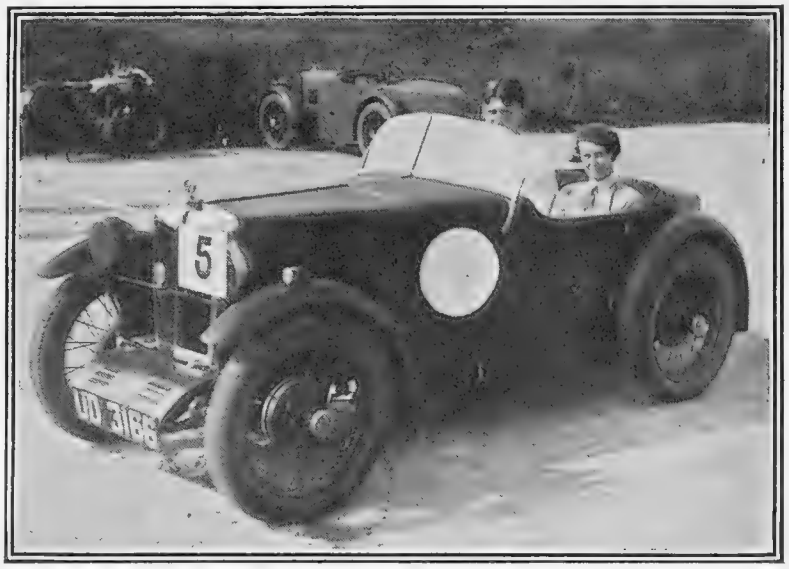
HINDES, Ltd., 60, Parker Street, Kingsway, London.

MOTOR NOTES

HORSES AND HARMONY



Photopress

Miss Robertson and Mr. M. T. U. Collier in the car in which they drove in the 5th High Speed Reliability Trial of the Motor Cycling Club, Ltd., at Brooklands recently. The car is a red-coloured M.G. Midget

By E. M. WRIGHT

WHEN someone with a weakness for quoting clichés murmurs there is nothing new under the sun, no one nowadays really believes him. But, in spite of the Schneider Trophy, the Golden Arrow and a few other striking instances of modernity, I am sometimes inclined to wonder whether, after all, there is more in such a saying than meets the eye. If you discuss noise, for example, with a non-motorist—a bigoted one for choice—he will tell you of happy, far-off days when there were no motor cars, when a brooding silence reigned even in the heart of London. It would perhaps surprise him, perhaps interest him—as it has certainly interested me—to discover that exactly 100 years ago they were talking about noise—and taking drastic action to stop it! For the other day I came upon this interesting excerpt from "The Times" of September 11th, 1829:

"Mansion House.—A number of complaints were yesterday made in consequence of the order of the Lord Mayor that stage coaches shall no longer interrupt divine service by rattling along the streets on Sundays during church hours.

"The Lord Mayor said . . . no one who went to church could deny that the noise of the stage-coaches frequently drowned the voice of the clergyman. . . .

"*The proprietor of the Blackwall stage-coaches said that the officers had seized his horses in the city, and threatened to take them to the green-yard if he pushed beyond a certain limit, and his customers refused to pay for the short turn.*"

"'Twas but a car rattling o'er the stony street" was apparently no mere flight of poetic fancy, but could in very truth describe the sound of guns.

***

NOWADAYS, those who make our laws and those who are supposed to enforce them seem to have forgotten that a heavy horse-drawn vehicle is capable of making quite a lot of noise, that it is as important that it should carry efficient lights at night as it is for any car—in short, that horse-drawn traffic needs to be regulated just as much as any other kind of traffic. I confess to a morbid interest in police court prosecutions; but seldom have I read or heard of a case in which a driver of a horse and cart has figured as the defendant. When there is one, it usually takes the form of the case in Kingston, not so long ago, where a drunken van driver, after a brief but noteworthy display, was fined a pound or two and dismissed with a few words of fatherly advice about mixing one's drinks, though he admitted to a somewhat chequered past!

***

OCCASIONALLY a cyclist, unfortunate enough to meet a conscientious policeman, gets fined for not having proper lights or reflectors. Harsh treatment of this kind is hard to forgive; but it can be explained. For a push cycle is half way between literal and metaphorical "horse" power, so that it is only to be expected that cyclists should sometimes fail to receive the indulgence that is always accorded drivers of the former class of vehicle. For them a dirty hurricane lamp seems a sufficiently close approximation to the requirements of the law. And if they have forgotten to bring a light at all, who should worry? The police certainly do not.

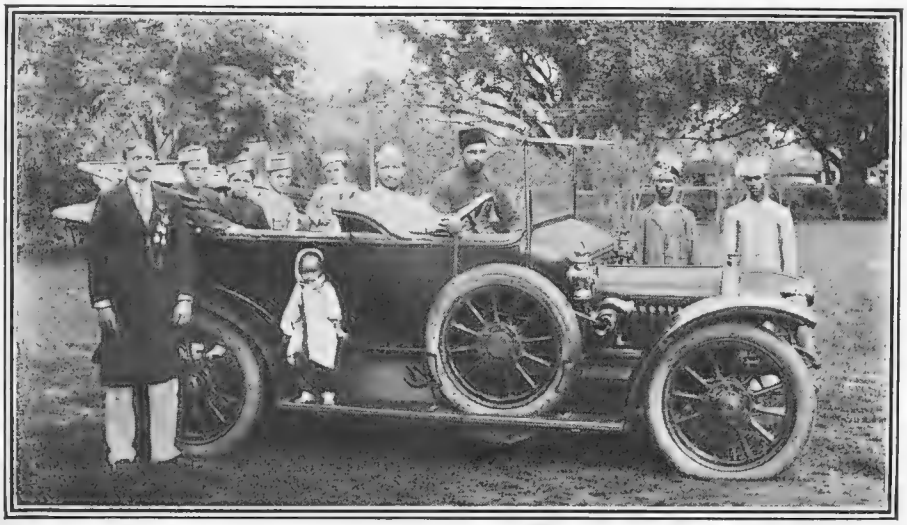
***

AS I pointed out in these Notes last month, our legislators have seemingly never heard of a lorry which creaks and groans in every joint and screams in agony every time the brakes are applied; nor apparently have they grasped the fact that a lorry full of empty milk cans dancing like dervishes can be just as noisy whatever its motive power. Were the new noise regulations made to apply to horse-drawn vehicles—which they do not—it would make little difference. The sight of a patient gee-gee or two can always be relied upon to soften the hardest of hearts, and the driver would have every right to feel aggrieved if a constable so much as waggled a finger at him and murmured "tweet-tweet, hush-hush, now-now, come-come" or something equally crushing. Would that we could revert to the wholesome state of mind that seems to have existed in 1829! The comparatively silent car would have perhaps a better showing than it does to-day, and there would be less discord—in more senses than one—between the various classes of road user.

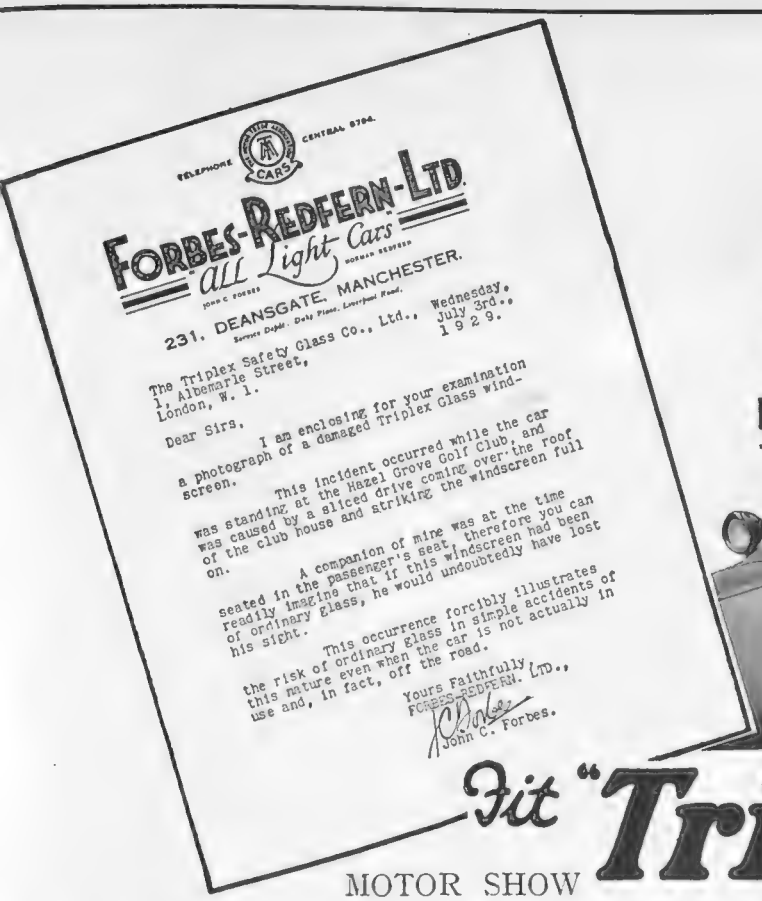
***

WE may not ordinarily look upon H.M. the King as a coachwork designer, but it is an obvious fact that the peculiar requirements of the Head of the Realm have called into being a number of quite remarkable vehicles that would otherwise, perhaps, have never seen the light of day. One of

(*Continued on page* x)



A 1913 Sunbeam which after seventeen years of service is still running as well as ever. It is the property of Dr. S. Ahsan Yusoof, an Honorary Magistrate of Gaya, who is seen standing in the left foreground


TELEPHONE CENTRAL 8704.
CARS
FORBES-REDFERN-LTD.
All Light Cars
231, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.
Wednesday, July 3rd, 1929.

The Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd.,
1, Albemarle Street,
London, W. 1.

Dear Sirs,

I am enclosing for your examination a photograph of a damaged Triplex Glass windscreen.

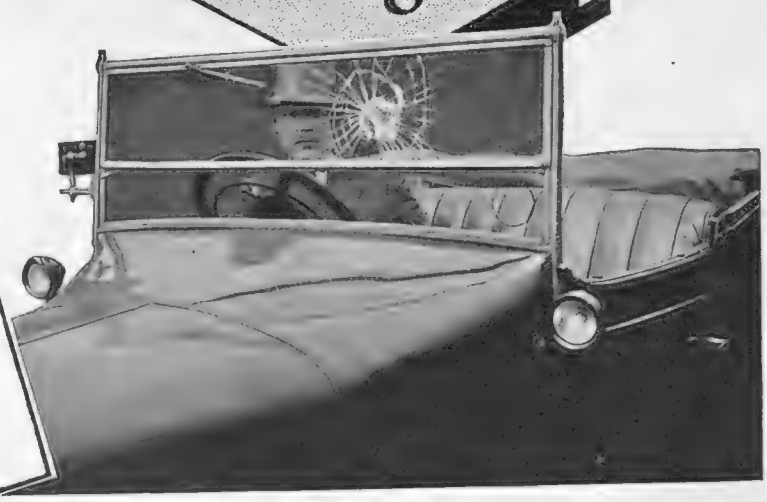
This incident occurred while the car was standing at the Hazel Grove Golf Club, and was caused by a sliced drive coming over the roof of the club house and striking the windscreen full on.

A companion of mine was at the time seated in the passenger's seat, therefore you can readily imagine that if this windscreen had been of ordinary glass, he would undoubtedly have lost his sight.

This occurrence forcibly illustrates the risk of ordinary glass in simple accidents of this nature even when the car is not actually in use and, in fact, off the road.

Yours Faithfully,
FORBES-REDFERN, LTD.,
John C. Forbes.

"he would have lost his sight."



Fit "TripleX" Regd. -and be safe!

MOTOR SHOW
OLYMPIA
STAND 227

Make sure its Triplex: look for the 3 x's in a circle, this Trade Mark is on all Genuine Triplex.

Regd. Trade Mark

TRIPLEX SAFETY GLASS CO., LTD., 1, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W. 1

From Singapore to London

Without Decarbonising!

The photograph shows Mr. Walter Gideon and the

RILEY NINE

which, accompanied by Mr. G. Raju, he drove from Singapore to London via Calcutta, Bombay, Baluchistan, Persia, Iraq, Syria, the Balkans, and across Central Europe.

Extraordinary difficult conditions: including flooded tracks and washed-out bridges, were encountered—but no engine trouble whatever was experienced and in all 13,000 miles were covered without decarbonising, the oil consumption averaging 1,000 miles per gallon,

of course on **WAKEFIELD**

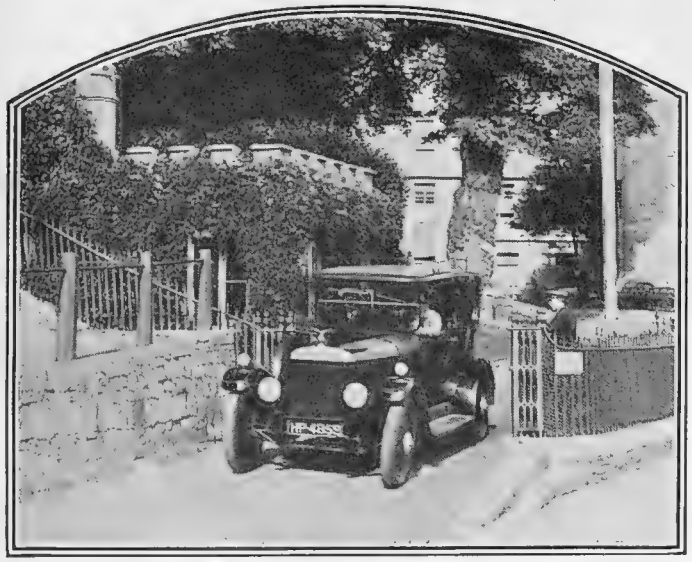
CASTROL XL

as used and recommended by Riley (Coventry) Ltd.

MOTOR SHOW OLYMPIA STAND 394 GALLERY.

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD., All-British Firm, Wakefield House, Cheapside, LONDON, E.C.2.

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page viii)



Wide World

The Prime Minister leaving the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes in a Daimler. This was the first car, other than a motor hearse, to be permitted into the sacred precincts of the R.Y.S.

the most interesting of these is the Crossley six-wheeler, which we illustrated in our issue of September 11th. It is an open four-seater mounted on a six-wheeled chassis and intended for the conveyance of the King and his guests to the moors, about the home farms at Windsor, on the royal estates at Sandringham, and similar rough going. It is essentially a "go-anywhere" vehicle in which His Majesty will be able to travel in comfort over the roughest ground and up any gradient; for it has eight forward gear ratios, ranging from 6 to 1 on top to 90.33 to 1 on first. Yet in spite of this it is a thoroughly practical vehicle for travelling over ordinary roads, the chassis, in fact, having attained a speed of 60 m.p.h. during its trials in Derbyshire.

* * *

THE body was designed and constructed by Messrs. Hooper and Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd., who have been responsible for so many of the King's cars. It is of a special four-seater open type. In the front is a fixed driving seat with another beside it arranged to fold forward under the scuttle. At the back is a seat for two with an adjustable sloping footrest. It has two doors, and on the near side are folding steps which close automatically when the door is shut. The equipment includes a speedometer and clock in the rear compartment and two electric cigar lighters. The car is finished in cellulose in the royal colours. Apart from the interest of the design, it is a production which is most creditable to both the Crossley concern and Messrs. Hooper.

* * *

SELDOM has a car been received with so much interest and acclamation as the new Rolls-Royce "Phantom II" chassis. Though the engine is still a six-cylinder of 43.3 h.p., the whole car is of completely new design from radiator to back axle. Its main feature is its very low build, which is bound to have its effect on the design of big car bodywork. The bodies are now mounted on a separate sub-frame, so insulating them from the natural twist of the chassis. But the chief new features are the centralised lubrication and a new suspension which no longer incorporates the familiar cantilever rear springing. It now has semi-elliptic springs all round, with forced lubrication to the spring leaves—a most important refinement which contributes a good deal to the much improved comfort and insulation from road shocks. The steering control is still further improved. The car is lighter and, being lower, will corner and hold the road even better than before, while the engine gives increased acceleration and maximum speed.

E. M. W.

THIS WEEK'S HINT

No. 24: WHERE DANGER LURKS

SIGNS of potential danger are often missed by concentrating one's whole attention upon the road straight ahead; it prevents us from noting, for instance, that a pedestrian on the pavement has suddenly pulled up short at a side road, indicating a vehicle about to issue from that turning; it makes us fail to notice above the hedgerows the top of a car that will debouch from a concealed by-road, and we may be deceived by the severity of a corner ahead if we do not glance to left or right as we approach it. The unexpected usually arises from the side of the road, and we may be taken aback if we think of nothing and look for nothing but what may be on the road directly in front.

ALVIS CAR & ENGINEERING COMPANY, LIMITED, COVENTRY.

A111

London Distributors: Henlys Ltd., Henly House, Euston Road.

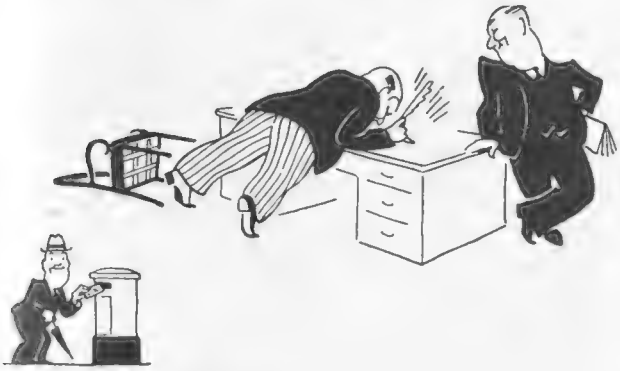
Now, here is a book that you ought to possess

It contains all those rhymes you have seen in the Press

Concerning "BP."

You can have it (quite free)

If you drop us a postcard and give your address.



Though this is not a condition. On the card you are sending to us You might let us know in addition The power and make of your bus.

The New "BP"

Puts New Life in Your Car

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD

British Petroleum Co. Ltd., Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2. Distributing Organisation.

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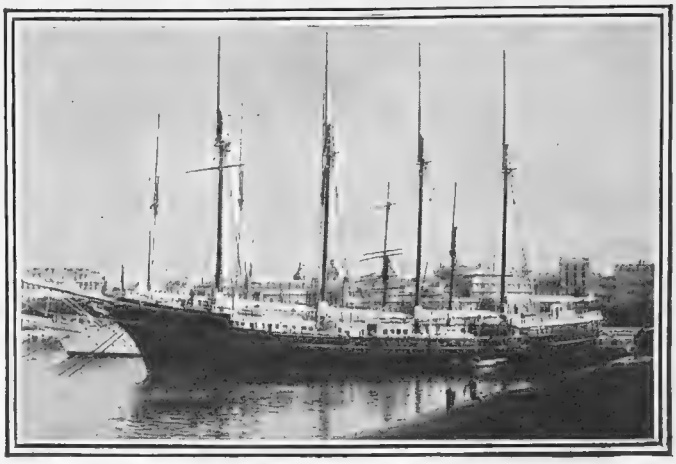
AN AUTUMN CRUISE



Copyright **FLYING CLOUD, R.Y.S.** 1929

AN opportunity occurs to charter the above palatial auxiliary yacht, the property of His Grace the Duke of Westminster, which is now in full commission in the Mediterranean, where delivery can be given at any convenient port. The accommodation consists of an exceptionally spacious main saloon, lounge, smoke-room, three private sitting-rooms, twelve single staterooms, and eight bathrooms, two *en suite*. All the latter have hot and cold running water, and the bathrooms have hot and cold sea water in addition.

Twin-screw machinery of the highest class, and a full complement of auxiliary machinery for electric light, refrigeration and other domestic purposes. Marconi installation for sending and receiving radiograms up to approximately 5,000 miles. The whole vessel is panelled in antique oak, and is beautifully appointed and furnished principally with genuine antiques. There are "Magicoal" electric fires, electric radiators, and the latest forced ventilation, introducing fresh air into all the living accommodation.

The vessel may be secured for an immediate charter on advantageous terms.

Full particulars, plans, and photographs may be obtained from :—

The PALL MALL YACHT AGENCY, 50, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1. *Tel.:* Gerrard 6679. *Telegrams:* Yachtahed, London.

OR

H. HEYWORTH-DAVIS, *Yacht Broker*, 24, GROSVENOR PLACE, S.W.1. *Tel.:* Sloane 8164. *Telegrams:* Yatchange, London.

By Appointment Hard Lawn Tennis Court Makers to H.M. The King

The New Improved **"En-Tout-Cas"** Hard Courts

are being used for the

BRITISH HARD COURT CHAMPIONSHIPS 1930

(BOURNEMOUTH)

BRITISH JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP 1929.

(WIMBLEDON)

"En-Tout-Cas" Courts are replacing those made by our Competitors and used previously for the above championships

Write for illustrated booklet and full particulars to

The EN-TOUT-CAS Co. (Syston) Ltd.

SYSTON near LEICESTER.

or call at our London Office in

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Telephone : Regent 0040.

Two smart coats in one—for every-day wear—everywhere.

A fashionable gabardine model with contrasting facings—reversed in a second to—an ideal motoring coat—art leather—attractive colours.

Every detail reversible—every detail harmonises. The ideal general utility coat with more than a utility appearance.

DELAPROOF

High Grade WATERPROOF

Reversible Coat

Compare Delaproofs with other Waterproofs.

They are obtainable from the best Stores and Outfitters, but if you experience the slightest difficulty a postcard to the address below will bring you the name of the Store in your most convenient shopping centre.

DELA, 55/57, GT. MARLBOROUGH ST., LONDON, W.1.
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Let it rain or snow wear—

HAWICO

THE UNDERWEAR AND KNITTED OUTERWEAR

FOR REFINED PEOPLE

WRITE FOR BOOKLET TO: *HAWICO, 168, REGENT ST., W.1.*

The Complexion.

If your complexion is too pale try Larola Rose Bloom, it's lovely. 1/- per box.

Larola Toilet Powder 2/6 per box.

Guard Your Complexion.

Autumn, with its cold winds, is a trying time to the skin, yet a small amount of care is sufficient to keep it soft and smooth, and free from cracks and dryness. Buy a bottle of

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and try the effect of using it morning and evening for your complexion, hands, and arms. Larola is the perfect protection against all kinds of weather—a skin preserver and beautifier which enables you always to look and feel your best.

1/6 and **2/6** per bottle.

From all Chemists and Stores or post free direct from

M. BEETHAM & SON,
CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

Fashions Fancies

Underwood Studio

THE NEW SILHOUETTE ACCENTS THE CHARM OF SHIMMERING LACE

Worth poses finely patterned gold lace over shell-pink chiffon for this lovely frock which is sojourning at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street. In accordance with Fashion's latest dictates, it has a very low back, and moulds the figure to below the hips, whence spring graceful panels that rest lightly on the ground

The curved bolero and flared frill emphasise the slender outline of this neat-hipped frock of lustrous black ring velvet. It comes from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, and is lightened by a rhinestone buckle, and a choker necklace of cut crystal and carved emerald beads

Modern jewellery is as important as the frocks with which it is worn. Here is shown a selection of the new ornaments which have just reached Woollands, of Knightsbridge. The cuff bracelet, the bow, and the linked chain with an emerald and crystal pendant brooch are extremely interesting

FURS and ACCESSORIES are LUXURIOUS and COLOURFUL

PARIS EXALTS SUPPLE VELVETS for all FORMAL OCCASIONS

Photographs *Underwood Studios*

Black ring velvet expresses this afternoon coat, which falls loosely from the shoulders and is set into a deep band at the hem. It is enriched with sable-hued fur, and is sponsored by Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge. The accompanying dress has a youthful, flared skirt

This season Chanel has launched gaily coloured gloves. The ones in the centre, which were photographed at Swan and Edgar's, of Piccadilly Circus, are of white, black, grey, and blue kid. Beige morocco, washable black and white calf, and black antelope are used for the bags

A hard felt riding hat from Woodrow's, of Piccadilly, which comes well down on the head. It has the new very short back, and a curled brim

A well-cut riding habit by H. J. Nicoll, Regent Street. Made of dark blue Melton cloth, it has an apron skirt which is cut away to the saddle line

(Below) Long or short hair should always be brushed back over the ears when a silk hunting hat is worn. This one hails from Woodrow's

Photographs *Underwood Studios*

SARTORIAL PERFECTION in the HUNTING FIELD

PEARLS AND THEIR PURPOSE

If you would know why Nature produced pearls, you have only to look at a beautiful woman wearing them. But Nature, perversely enough, originally made pearls so hard to get that not one beautiful woman in ten thousand could adorn herself with them. Then Ciro came, and by a scientific process no less wonderful than Nature's own produced the very twins of sea pearls—endowed with the same lustre, the same colour, the same ethereal iridescence—so that even an expert with his calculating eye might be forgiven for mistaking the one for the other. And so to-day, with wonderful Ciro necklets of all shapes and sizes to choose from, woman can give her charms just that emphasis they call for—and at remarkably little cost. You can satisfy yourself that the claims made for Ciro pearls are not exaggerated by accepting the offer below.

OUR UNIQUE OFFER. *On receipt of one guinea we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls 16 inches long, complete with gold clasp and case. Wear it a fortnight and if, on comparison with real pearls, you can find any difference, the money shall be returned.*

Ciro Pearls

Send for Ciro Pearl and Jewellery Booklets No. 7 post free

CIRO PEARLS LTD., 178 REGENT STREET (DEPT. 7), 48 OLD BOND STREET, W., 120 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

SHEFFIELD	LEEDS	MANCHESTER	LIVERPOOL	BIRMINGHAM	GLASGOW	EDINBURGH	BRISTOL	DUBLIN
23 Fargate	38 Briggate	14 St. Ann's Sq.	25 Church St.	121 New St.	95 Buchanan St.	(Jenners)	(J. F. Taylor)	(Switzers)

THE EDITOR'S BOX

"The Sphere" Golf Meeting

There was some interesting and exciting golf at Moor Park on Tuesday, the 17th, when, at the invitation of the directors, *The Sphere* held its fourth annual golf meeting. *The Sphere* Challenge Cup (holder, Mr. Horace J. Ashwell) was competed for, as well as other prizes presented by *The Sphere*, Brigadier-General Nevile Campbell, and Mr. J. Bowsher. The medal round in the morning over the West Course resulted in a tie of 70 net between Mr. W. D. H. McCullough and Mr. J. A. Dewar. The first three holes were subsequently replayed, the arrangement being that the round should continue until a decision was reached. Mr. W. D. H. McCullough proved the winner of the cup on the third green, Mr. J. A. Dewar being awarded the second prize.

The Afternoon's Play

There was a four-ball bogey foursome in the afternoon, played over the High Course, and in this another tie occurred, Mr. Leslie Harwood and Major G. Harrison equalling the score of Mr. A. B. Harrower and Mr. Norman Shaw—seven up on bogey. Six holes were subsequently played in this event, Mr. Leslie Harwood and Major G. Harrison being declared the winners. There was a prize offered in the morning round for the best return under handicap for nine holes, the numbers of which were a secret and the bogey 36. Mr. Eric Field won this with the net score of 35. Mr. W. C. Nisbett also won a prize in a medal round played in the afternoon by a few couples who did not take part in the bogey foursomes. The weather was ideal and the courses were in excellent condition. It was generally agreed that the day was a most enjoyable one and was productive of some very high-class play.

FOR THE HUNTING MAN *Underwood*

Messrs. Turnbull and Asser, of 71, Jermyn Street, W., are famous for their hunting kit accessories. Above are seen wool-lined string gloves, a heavy crêpe de chine scarf with a hand-embroidered hunting figure, a hunting scarf with wide end made of white Oxford, and a pair of silk stockings with wool feet

A New P.L.M. Service

The P.L.M. Railway announce the inauguration of a special boat train leaving Marseilles every Tuesday morning at 11.25 in connection with the Compagnie Paquet liner arriving from Morocco. This train arrives in Paris at midnight, and station cars and 'buses can be ordered to meet it either through the stationmaster at Marseilles before departure or by writing in advance to the Gare de Lyon.

Maps for the Road

The wise motorist never sets out on a protracted tour without being armed with reliable maps, for the possession of a clear and lucid road map saves endless time and trouble. Messrs. John Bartholomew and Son, Ltd., of Duncan Street, Edinburgh, have long been noted for the excellence of their maps, and their many publications include excellent "half-inch to mile" maps of England and Wales and of Scotland, which can be bought either in separate sheets at 1s. 6d. if printed on paper and 3s. on cloth, or as a complete set. Their Touring Atlas of the British Isles is another invaluable guide, consisting of 120 pages of fully coloured contour maps of the whole of England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Channel Islands, with letterpress, the scale of the maps being 10 miles to the inch. The price of this atlas, which is bound in cloth, is half a crown, and not 3s. 6d. as was erroneously stated in our Motor Notes in the issue of September 18. The new A.A. Throughway Map of London is another invaluable aid to the motorist. On one side the metropolitan area is clearly depicted on a scale which admits of prominent landmarks being shown, whilst on the reverse side all roads radiating from the centre of London are shown in bold relief.

The PHIT-EESI BANTAM WEIGHT

Seems to become part of the foot, from the first moment's wear you are conscious only of a light "Shoeless" feeling.

This shoe gives an indefinable character to the man who wears it. Ideal for the Dinner the Dance, the Theatre, Stage Wear and the Thé Dansant

STOCKED IN BLACK BOX CALF, TAN WILLOW CALF, PATENT LEATHER
In three qualities
21/- 25/- 32/6 Postage 6d. extr..

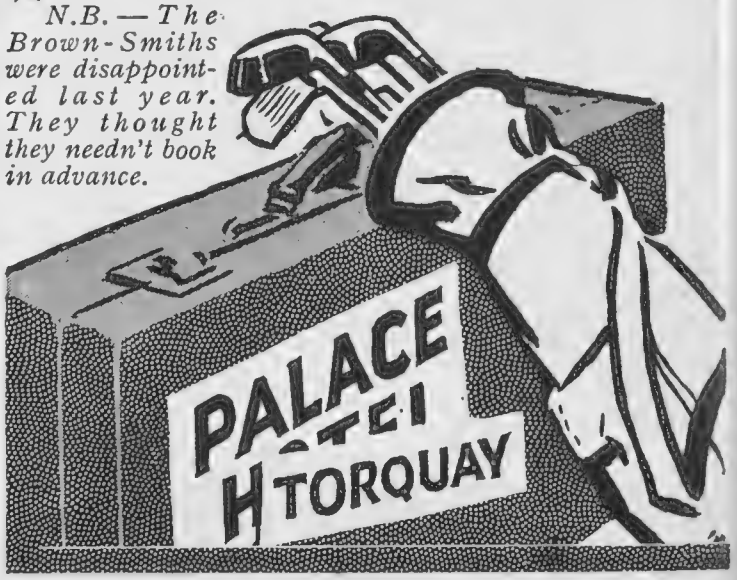
ABBOTT'S

44, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

(Next to the Monico)
And on Sale at all Abbott's Shops.

THE terms include golf, tennis, croquet, bowls, squash, badminton, swimming, dancing, cinema and entertainments. So you're bound to have a pretty good time when you come down for the Autumn Season.

★ *N.B.—The Brown-Smiths were disappointed last year. They thought they needn't book in advance.*



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BASINGSTOKE—H. Cater.
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,, The Ulster Arcade, Ltd.
BERWICK-ON-TWEED—Paxton & Purves.
BEXHILL-ON-SEA—Pring & Butler. [Ltd.
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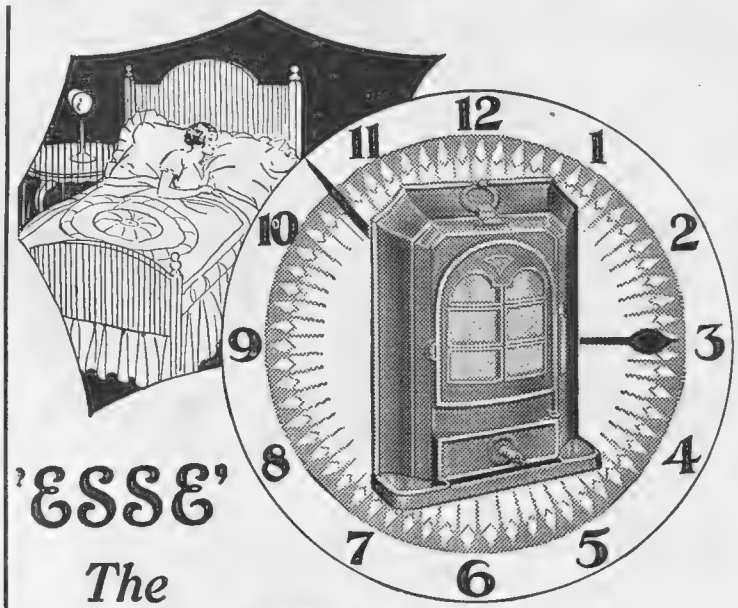

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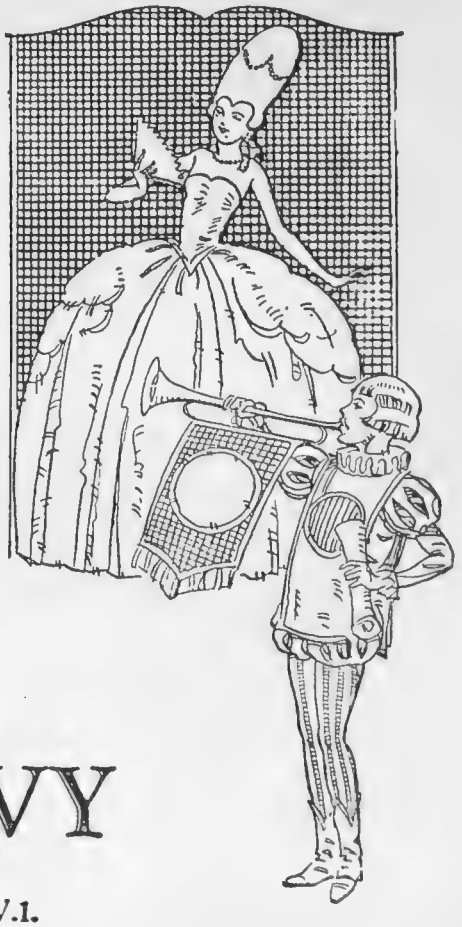

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Dance after him, with him, dance with an ache in your heart; dance and play till the whirl and the glitter and the pain in your body swamp you—poor little jazz-wife longing for a home, poor little dancing-mother defying the doctors, forgetful of your child . . .

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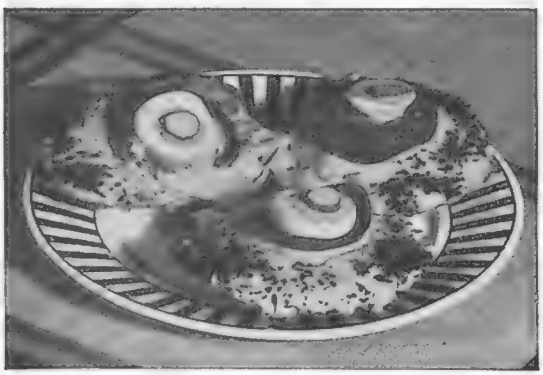

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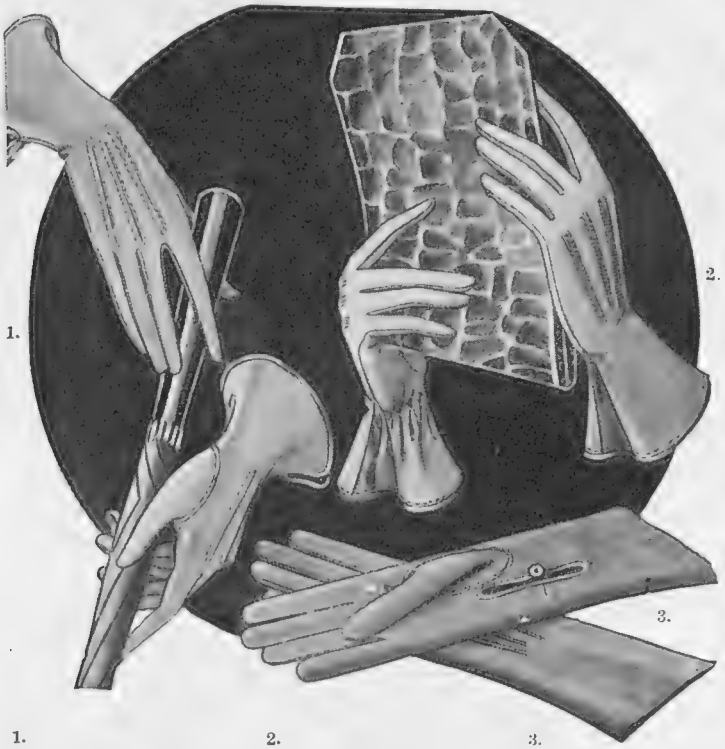

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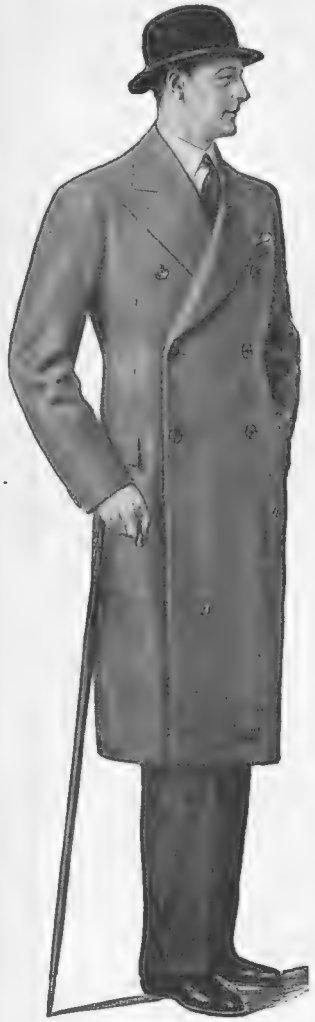

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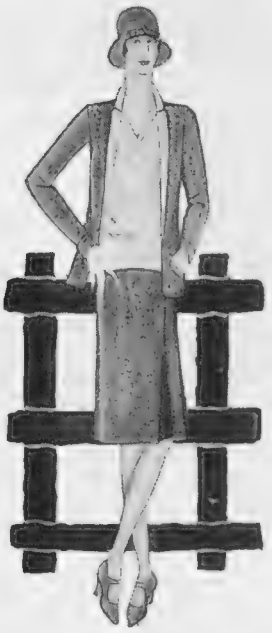

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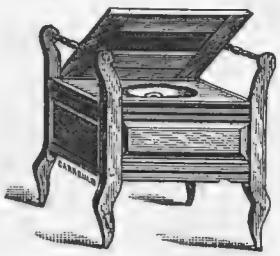

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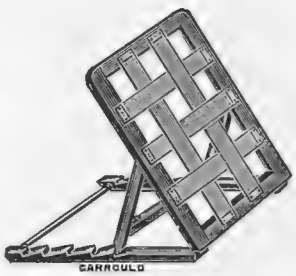

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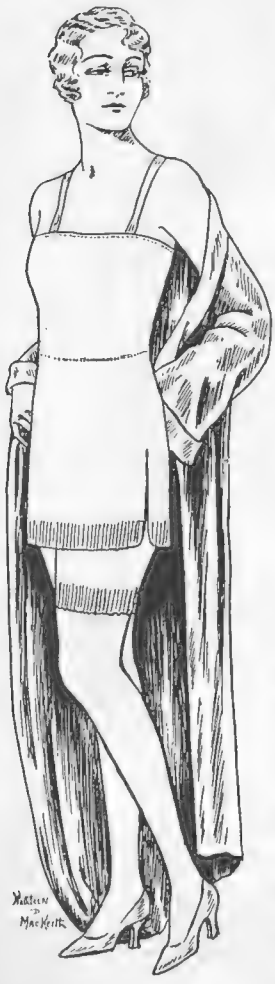

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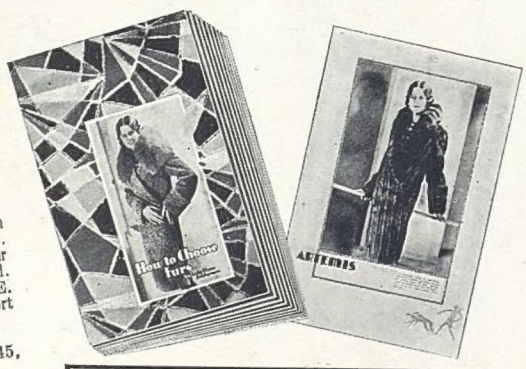

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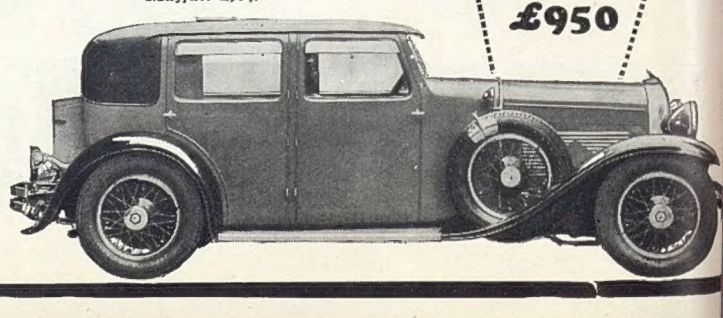

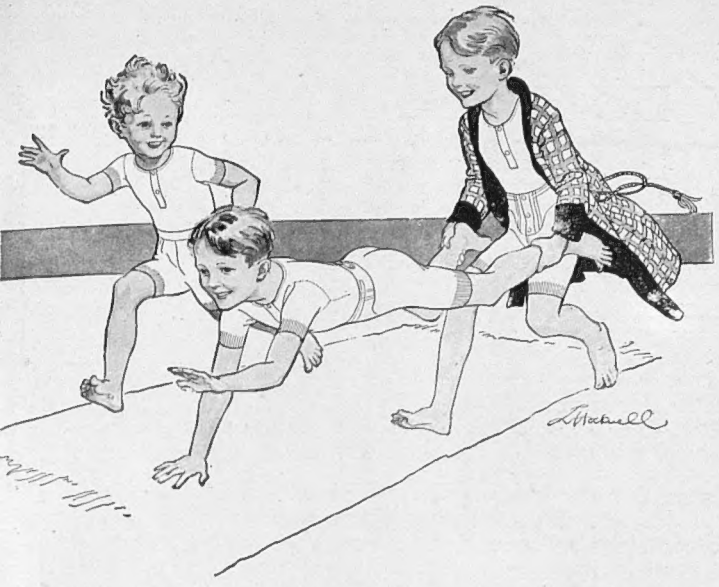

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